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THE OUTLOOK.

Never were astronomers better equipped, and never were conditions more favorable for observation, than in the case of the solar eclipse as viewed at different points in California and Nevada, on the first day of the new year. Accurate observations were made of the times of contact, the shadow bands, and the corona, and successful photographs were taken. Over fifty negatives were secured by the Harvard University party alone, and the results of the development of these will be awaited with great interest. The Amateur Photographers' Association took 187 negatives of the corona during the 104 seconds of totality. The Lick Observatory did not lie within the path of totality, but Prof. Holden telegraphed successful observations. Two comets were discovered near the sun, and the astronomers at Anshelm report an intra-Mercurial planet. Three of the planets were visible. A perceptible coolness of atmosphere was noted during the eclipse. The general illumination during totality was found to be lighter than during the eclipses of 1878 and 1886, but the weird effect of the shadow light was noticed by all. Another total eclipse of the sun will occur December 22, visible in French Guiana and Western Africa.

Their imperial majesties, the sovereigns of Germany, Austria and Italy, took occasion on New Year's Day to express their confidence that the dawning year would be one of peace. President Carnot uttered a similar hope in his address to the diplomatic corps that waited upon him. So mote it be! So will it be, if the triple alliance holds together. For neither France nor Russia, nor France with Russia, would care to join issue with the allied forces of Germany, Austria and Italy. But what a fine thing it would have been had one of these potentates proposed a general disarmament! What a blessing to all Europe it would be if the vast standing armies could be mustered out, and the enormous expenditures now spent in maintaining the same be turned into useful channels, and questions at issue between nations be settled by arbitration! Such a condition may not be so far distant as it seems. And, curiously enough, it will probably be reached, not so much by religious teachings and influences, as by the discoveries of science. Invention has well-nigh reached such a stage in the composition of explosives and the manufacture of deadly weapons that armies hereafter will march to inevitable and wholesale slaughter; and when that fact is realized, armies can no longer be enlisted.

The new arm adopted for the French army—the Lebel rifle—emits no smoke when fired, and is comparatively noiseless. Experiments made upon the dead bodies of paupers, at a range of from two hundred yards to a mile or more, satisfied members of the French Academy of Medicine that wounds inflicted by this arm, if not at once fatal, would be incurable, the passage made by the bullet being almost too small to trace. France offers to supply Russia with this destructive weapon, and her offer will probably be accepted. Germany has a new repeating rifle, of which she is manufacturing, at Spandau, Dantzig and Erfurt, 50,000 a month. Austria is turning out monthly 35,000 of her Mannlicher repeaters, and Italy claims to have a new magazine rifle of more "villainous virtue" than any of the others. In heavy ordnance England easily takes the lead in her new Armstrong 6-inch rapid-fire cannon, capable of discharging ten projectiles weighing 110 pounds each in the space of a minute and forty seconds. These guns have a range of five miles, and a penetration of ten and a half inches of iron and four feet of oak or teak. They are breech-loading, and are worked either by steam or hand-brakes, and with a crew of six men. A sample of the work of these rapid-fire guns was given in the recent fight at Suakin, where the English gun-boats "Racer" and "Starling" hurled their projectiles into the ranks of the Arabs with astonishing rapidity and precision. The time will come ere long when war will be numbered among the exact sciences; when death to one engaging in it will be so inevitable that there will be no place for courage; and without courage there can be no strife.

Now that the Chinese have been unscrupulously and effectually shut out, California employers begin to find an undesirable crisis approaching in the labor market, and to doubt the wisdom, after all, of the Exclusion act. The Caucasian will neither work so cheaply nor so honestly as the Mongolian; and in many interests, Californian competition with the East, which was possible and successful under the old regime, must now be given up. Not only did the Chinese make economic navies, and leave the record of their patient toil on great public works, they were also the most efficient of farm laborers, and the agricultural interests of the Pacific States will suffer seriously when "John" ceases to till the fields. Much that has been said against Chinamen is doubtless true: They do not readily assimilate with our population; they do not come to stay; they are clanish and

congregate densely and filthily in great cities; they gamble, smoke opium, furnish prostitutes, cheapen labor; but, on the other hand, when distributed over the country, they mind their own business; they are docile, industrious, trustworthy; they are rarely found in saloons, and are not easily convertible into anarchists or corruptionists. When properly treated, they show themselves amenable to good influences. A great wrong is yet to be done by this nation—its latest official action towards a country that trusted to our honor and found itself deceived and treated with shameful indignity. And it would not be at all surprising if the first steps towards the rectification of this injustice should be taken by the very States which clamored for its perpetration.

The approaching four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Christopher Columbus suggested to a shrewd American—one H. M. Linnell—the Barnum-like idea of taking advantage of popular attention to the great discoverer by putting his veritable bones on exhibition. So he went to San Domingo and ingratiated himself into the confidence of prominent officials of that republic and of U. S. Consul General Astwood as well. The latter finally consented to formally ask, in his behalf, the Dominican government the loan of the bones of the immortal Christopher for a period of four years. The expenses of a guard of eight soldiers and four priests were to be provided for. And the Dominican treasury would receive 50 per cent. of the net receipts, a sum of \$300,000 a year at the least being guaranteed. The proposition was courteously but decidedly declined. Apparently the government took no umbrage, but the press and people did. They characterized the offer as disgraceful and outrageous. They were justly indignant at this attempt to secure for private gain and vulgar exhibition the bones of which they were the reverent custodians. The chief odium, very naturally, fell on the consul general for using his official position to help on the project. His removal was urgently called for, and the demand has been granted.

The recent floods at Panama have demonstrated the utter impracticability of completing the Canal without adopting some effective measure of restraining the Chagres River. That turbulent stream poured its waters over two of Eiffel's locks, in process of construction—at Bas Obispo and Matachin—submerging both, and washed away the canal dams at Bolio and Palomate. All through the progress of this enterprise the problem of this river has been a vexatious one, and the other vexatious problems, has been repeatedly postponed. A proposition was once entertained to build an enormous dam at a cost of \$30,000,000, but nothing came of it. It is clear, however, that no effective cutting of the isthmus can be expected, either at tide level or with locks, until the Chagres River is pent up during its recurring freshets.

In the present temper of the tribes along the east coast of Africa, the determination of the German Company to push forward their expedition for the relief of Emin Bey appears to be injudicious. They can scarcely hope to obtain even a safe foothold on their extensive land-grant, as a basis of operations and point of departure. Bagamoyo is held only by the presence of a man of war. The British traders have been driven out of Dar-es-Salaam, a port fifty miles to the southward, by the attacks of the tribes. The whole coast is in rebellion. Further, the Company itself is in a most bankrupt state as a corporation. Their troubles have cost them already \$350,000, and they have no means to provide for and equip an expedition adequate to force its way into the interior. Unless the German government comes to its help with a powerful backing, no success either in retaking their lost possessions or of reaching Emin can be hoped for. That Bismarck is indisposed at present to extend this help is evident from his refusal to permit Lieut. Wissman to head the expedition. Dr. Carl Peters will lead the forlorn hope.

Gov. Ames' third inaugural message is admirable in style, comprehensive in its survey of the various interests of the commonwealth, and full of practical suggestions that will commend themselves to our legislators and to all thinking men. Economy in finances; a separation of the management of savings banks from that of national banks, so that an officer of the one may not be eligible for office in the other; early action on the question of constitutional prohibition, and early submission of the question, if adopted, to the people; imprisonment rather than fine for the violation of liquor laws; the regulation of "costs" in criminal cases; the establishment of schools for truant boys; the enactment of a law securing municipal suffrage to women; the abolition of grade crossings of railroads; provision for the drainage of the Mystic valley; a State commission of highways; a revision of the law concerning the survey and inspection of lumber; regulation of the lobster fisheries; action appropriate to the coming constitutional centennial in New York, and the national exposition at Washington commemorative of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of this continent—are among the recommendations of this brief, business-like document. The Governor finds the schools of the commonwealth satisfactorily conducted; the statutes for the protection of the public health properly enforced; the State prison industries, on "the public account" system, working hopelessly; the plan of "boarding out" the harmless insane succeeding well; the State board of arbitration and the district police force performing their respective duties to the welfare of those concerned; and the efficiency and

character of the militia entirely satisfactory. The General Court has abundant work laid out for its deliberation and action.

FAITH AND FAITHFULNESS.

BY REV. G. P. GIFFORD.

"Who was faithful to Him that appointed Him?"—HEBREWS 3:2.

THE epistle to the Hebrews sets forth Jesus Christ in the two-fold work of Apostle and High Priest. As Apostle—or Sent One—He represents God to man. He shows forth God's life and purpose. "He that hath seen the Son hath seen the Father." Christ is the brightness of God's glory, the express image of His person. In Christ dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.

He was also chosen of God from among men to be our Great High Priest. The cross is the last altar, the Lamb of God the last sacrifice, Jesus Christ the last priest. As Apostle He stands in God's stead to men; as High Priest, He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Christ's Faithfulness.

The one characteristic of Christ in both offices is faithfulness. Not merely faith in God, though He was the author and finisher of faith, the One who, above all others, lived a life of faith. The eleventh of Hebrews calls the roll of men and women who lived by faith, and the twelfth chapter bids us turn from all these to Jesus Christ as the pre-eminent example and illustration of faith. But He not only had faith, He was faithful; not only faithful, but trusty—to be depended upon. The Bible lays strong emphasis upon faith, or absolute, implicit trust in God. God saves, but through faith; the light of life enters the soul through the window of faith, but the measure of our salvation, the effect of faith in God, is our faithfulness. A faith that does not make faithful, a trust that does not make trusty, is little worth.

We have in the text the highest commendation from the inspired writer: He was faithful! Not successful, nor powerful, nor brilliant, but faithful. In this commendation we learn the element of character most in favor with God—faithfulness. As we get along in life we accept Heaven's standard. In youth we are dazzled by other traits, but in middle life we sum up a good man's life in one word—faithful. No matter what a man has, if he lacks that he lacks all; if he cannot be trusted, the more brilliant, powerful, successful he is, the more he is to be dreaded. The one fruitful source of failure in business and social life is unfaithfulness. It eats out the core of business. You close the year in bankruptcy simply because your partner or cashier betrayed trust. It disintegrates the home. The bonds that hold homes in peace are eaten off by the acid of unfaithfulness. Broken vows are the swamps that breed malaria and death. The city, State, and nation are held in peace by faithful service, and sink from sight when public officers are unfaithful. No higher word of praise can be said for the Son of God than this: "He was faithful to Him that appointed Him."

Light travels 186,000 miles per second. Start from the earth and travel out with the speed of light till figures lose their meaning; travel a century, and all the worlds, suns and systems you pass are faithful. Suns standing like sentinels of light on the battlements of heaven, each in his place; worlds led out like flocks on the pasture-lands of space, each known by name and obeying the voice of Him who leadeth forth His flock like Jacob; comets speeding like errand boys; systems moving like machinery—they are all faithful, and because of their faithfulness, harvests are possible, and civilization crowns our efforts.

Press your way through the stars to the heavenly places where in the centre of the universe God sits upon His throne. The redeemed are before Him; angels, rank upon rank, about Him; the Son beside Him. The one characteristic of all is faithfulness. God was faithful to His covenant; Christ was faithful to Him that appointed Him; the angels are faithful ministers to such as are heirs of salvation; the redeemed were faithful unto death. Heaven is a place of peace because all in it are faithful. Earth is in turmoil because so many break faith. When men are faithful to God as God is faithful to men, heaven will be on earth.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a child, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face, and said, "But you can mend it, can't ee?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a shilling to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a pre-engagement, saying, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

The great soldier was simply faithful. You see how near heaven lies to earth; the same principles are true in both places. Faithfulness is the one condition of greatness in both places, and when kept, both become one.

Jesus Christ, as Apostle and Priest, was Faithful in Temptation.

Men break down when the testing time comes. Testing does not create, it simply reveals weakness. You cannot tell whether the rifle is true or not till you try it; whether the ship will float or not till you launch it; whether the seed will bring forth or not till it is sown. The testing time comes sooner or later.

Thirty years Jesus spent in the quiet home of Joseph the peasant. The life was calm, uneventful. After His baptism by John, He was driven into the desert by the Spirit, and tested by the devil. Here He was tempted, not to swerve or turn aside from His purpose of conquest, but to do it in Satan's way—to use His powers for selfish ends. "You cannot conquer the world, weak as you are. See, here are stones. You have power. You need bread. Minister to yourself as a means. Look out for number one." No subtler temptation can come to a man than that—to use God-given powers for self. Many break down right here; they are faithful, not to the one appointing them, but to self. For this men speculate with trust funds, expecting to return the principal, hoping to absorb the profits. For this men pervert political office, entering it poor, leaving it rich; but Jesus was faithful to Him that appointed Him.

He was tempted to throw Himself from the pinnacle, to pervert divine promises and power to personal ends calling upon angels to help, while the gaping multitude should praise Him, and forget the One who appointed Him; tempted to worship the prince of this world for the sake of his kingdom, threatening Himself into Satan's power, to be used and alienated by him as the thread is by the shining needle to which it has surrendered; tempted to do evil that good might come; compromising in secret for open power. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. To accept the world upon such terms would be to reverse His purpose. He came to conquer the world by self-surrender and suffering. That was and is God's way to conquest. Christ was faithful to the Divine Plan.

He was Faithful in Prosperity.

More than once the people were ready to crown Him—forgot God in His Apostle. When they would worship Him, He points them away to God. He is the way to the Father. John preached Jesus, but Jesus preached God. Paul preached Christ, but Christ preached God. The words He spoke, the works He wrought, were of the Father. He could do nothing except God gave Him power. The whole world trembled toward God as the stars tremble toward the pole star. His teachings pointed toward God, as the blades of grass and trees point toward the sun. Sometimes men appointed to office outgrow the appointing power, and take the place of the master, in their own estimation. But Jesus was faithful to God. As surely as the broad Hudson will deliver you to the sea if you surrender to it, so surely will Jesus Christ give you to God the Father if you surrender to Him.

In Suffering and Death.

In the awful agony of Gethsemane, when with strong cryings and tears He offered up prayers and supplications to Him that was able to save Him from death, He was faithful to Him that appointed Him. Three separate times He prayed. The crimson drops separated on the rustling leaves, as He peered into the mystery of suffering. A word, and He could be spared! But He was faithful! In Pilate's palace He could easily have satisfied the Roman ruler, and been guarded by the legions; but He was faithful. On the cross, "bearing our sins in His own body on the tree," He could have called angels; but He was faithful, and out of the suffering commended His soul to God, and tasted death for every man. All that matchless life is summed up in one word—He was faithful.

Because He was faithful to God, we can trust Him. No man ever broke faith with man who did not first break faith with God. "No man ever kept faith with God, and deceived his fellow-men. Nothing in God's universe, from the tiny seed to the shining world, from the flower to the archangel, ever kept faith with God and broke faith with man. On the rock of Christ's faithfulness to God I build my faith in Christ. Because God loved and died for Him as an Apostle and High Priest, I can and do trust Him as a Saviour and Lord. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day."

The proof and measure of Christ's faith were found in His faithfulness. The proof and measure of your faith and of my faith will be found in turn in our faithfulness. The flower is leavened when it is all lifted into light by the yeast; the soul is saved when it thrills and trembles through and through with the faith that makes faithful. Fruit shows the sap; works prove the words. Faithfulness is the fruit and out-working of faith. "Show thy faith by thy works." Our claim is that we are saved by faith in Christ; but a faith that does not make faithful, is not a saving faith. You trust Christ, but do men trust you? Does Christ trust you because of your trust in Him?

AMONG OUR BOOKS.

"Samuel Irenaeus Prime."

From this delightful volume of autobiography and memorials, edited by Wendell Prime, and published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., we call a few choice paragraphs—the first written by Dr. Prime concerning his mother:—

"When I was about forty years old, and sitting at my work in the office in New York, a stranger entered, and, without introduction or even mentioning his name, said to me:—

"I have come to see you whom I know very well, though you do not know me. About forty years ago I was going up the Hudson River on a sloop, for in those days there were no steamboats or railroads. When we were in Tappan Sea we were overtaken by a violent storm, and the passengers, of whom there were several on board, were greatly alarmed lest we should be capsized. In the midst of the excitement a young and beautiful woman stood in the midst of us and said: 'In God's hands we are as safe as on the water as on the land.' Those words calmed the excitement, and we waited in hope till the storm abated. The lovely woman who thus proved our comfort in danger afterward became your mother! Her words have been my motto all the years since. I have watched your life and marked every step you have taken, always keeping in mind the lesson I learned from the lips that taught your infant lips to pray."

Having said these pleasant words, the stranger left me, and I have never to my knowledge seen him or heard from him since. I asked my mother about it, and she remembered the time, the voyage, the storm, the excitement, but her own composure was so habitual that it was not memorable. In the month of August, 1812, that journey was made, and I was born on the fourth day of November, in the same year. (See Psalm 139: 12, 13.)

The following recital of personal Christian experience will be found interesting:—

During the revival I have mentioned, Dr. Griffin was very much engaged in public and private labor for its promotion. His house was always open for the students to come to him for counsel. In my last letter I mentioned the incident of my own visit to his study, and repeat it here more in detail. I had been in great anxiety of mind for two weeks or more, and had several times conversed with him; but at last I was led so near to the verge of despair that I felt a deep conviction of the necessity of deciding the question at once, one way or the other. "This night," I thought, "I must find peace, or I will seek it no longer in religion." With such a feeling I went down to the president's house, and found him alone in his study. He received me very kindly, and asked me at once the state of my mind. I told him frankly that I had come to the conclusion that the great question with me must be settled that night. "Stop a moment," said he; and rising up, he went to his study door and opened it, stepped across the hall, and opened the door of the parlor in which Mrs. Griffin was sitting, and said in a voice of tender compassion and entreaty that filled me with the deepest emotions: "My dear friend, please sit here, and tell me that the great question with you must be decided to-night; pray for him, pray for me." Shutting the doors, he returned and sat down by me and resumed the conversation. The effect of this movement was nearly overwhelming. I was a mere child, he a magnificent, venerable man, roused as if the interests of a nation or a world were at stake, and calling on his wife to pray while he returned to aid in the crisis that had arrived. And the result of that interview was my reaching the peaceful assurance that I was a forgiven sinner.

The feelings with which he entered upon his seminary course of preparation for the ministry are thus detailed:—

The first moment at my study-table in the seminary was one of exquisite pleasure. Before me was the prospect of one, two, or three years of uninterrupted and undivided study, under the most favorable circumstances, in those departments best suited to delight, improve, and satisfy a religious mind. Every nerve in me seemed thrilled with joy. This was the instant when I took my chair and first sat down. I was nearly overcome with the emotion awakened by the promise of what was now to be mine. One single desire reigned supreme in my soul—to be fitted for usefulness. Whatever passions had control before, or have had since, then, in the dew of my youth, I was wholly absorbed in the pursuit of truth for the sake of good with it. Ardent, enthusiastic, and now indulged in what had long been my ruling passion, the possession of time and opportunity for study, I went into the work before me with a zeal that left reason and good sense out of the question. I studied night and day—beginning before daylight, and keeping at it often till midnight and after.

THE REMEDY FOR BRIBERY AT ELECTIONS.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER, D. D.

THE increase of the corruption of voters during recent years is, none too soon, exciting wide-spread attention. It is beginning to be quite generally realized that the dead-weight thrown into the scales at every election is an element of great peril to the Republic. There are not a few congressional districts where only rich men are nominated for office, and their acceptance of a nomination is virtual consent to be bled to the amount of from twenty-five to sixty thousand dollars for "election expenses." Even political leaders are beginning to be troubled, the cost of carrying elections having increased at such a ratio that it promises to be a burden too heavy to be borne. There are thousands of voters who expect to be paid for voting the ticket of the party to which they are supposed to belong, besides the multitudes who have no special party affiliations and are not ashamed of being known to be open to the highest bidder. It is said that Gov. Hill of New York will devote a prominent portion of his approaching annual message to the subject of bribery at the polls, and it is certain that several bills relating to that subject will be introduced in the New York Legislature early in its session. The existing laws are practically a dead letter throughout the Union.

During the presidential campaign of 1884, I was led to realize far more deeply than ever before, the alarming extent and steady development of this great evil, and in a sermon preached to a union congregation on Thanksgiving day of that year, I referred to it as one of the most serious perils confronting the nation, and suggested that the disfranchisement of those who sell their votes would be a proper and an effective remedy, as follows:—

The only practical remedy lies in the disfranchisement of those who sell their votes. Minors are not allowed to vote. They are not supposed to have sufficient personal freedom to qualify them for the ballot. Idiots and insane persons cannot vote because they lack intelligence. Foreigners cannot vote till they have resided a certain length of time in the country and have been naturalized. . . . Thus we guard, not over-carefully, the inner door of our country. But the man who has shown that he has no appreciation whatever of a citizen's prerogative, and no sense of political responsibility, is allowed to vote over and

over again. By selling his vote he confesses that he is not qualified to vote. His own estimation of himself should be accepted, and, having once sold himself, he should ever after be debarred the privilege of the ballot. This remedy would be right, and it is practicable. It is the only one that will be effective.

My suggestion excited some attention—considerable favorable comment, and so far as I know, no criticism, being in that respect more fortunate than some other points in the same person. I am glad to see that this remedy is now beginning to be advocated by some men of distinguished ability and highly influential position, such as Judge Earle, of the New York Court of Appeals, Judge Parker of the New York Supreme Court, the Hon. James Arkel, recently a member of the New York Senate, and others. This remedy is feasible. Jurors who hesitate to convict a bribed voter when the penalty is fine and imprisonment, knowing that the suffering entailed by the penalty would fall chiefly on his innocent family, would not be warped in their judgment by sympathy if the penalty were only disfranchisement.

Its justice is apparent. The man who abuses the privilege of voting by selling his vote for a bribe, is not worthy of the lofty privilege of the franchise, and it would not be too severe a penalty to deprive him of it. He also that is guilty of bribery should be disfranchised. For the briber some additional penalty should perhaps be devised; but it is clearly right that both the briber and the bribed should be deprived of a privilege which they prostitute to the peril of our free institutions.

The application of this remedy would rapidly limit the amount of purchasable voting material, which has of late so alarmingly increased. Good men of all parties will unite to promote a plan that is so practicable and so just.

As I close this brief article, my attention has been called to the fact that the anti-bribery bill introduced a few days since in Congress by Mr. Holman, provides for the disfranchisement of any person who offers or accepts money or other consideration for voting at an election; but he also proposes a fine not exceeding \$5,000, and imprisonment not exceeding three years. These additional penalties may be just, but they are not expedient. They cannot be enforced. What we need is a law that will work, and the remedy of simple disfranchisement is more practicable than any other. Such a provision should be enacted by every State legislature and by the Congress of the United States. It now seems quite probable that the Legislature of New York will lead the way in the enactment of such a law. Let the registration be purged of those who have not sufficient self-respect to value the power and responsibility of citizenship.

Pittsfield, Mass.

The Young.

In nothing is the wisdom of the founder of Methodism more apparent than in his provision for the training of the youth committed to his care. To his preachers he said, "Take pains with the children, and in visiting from house to house; else you will see little fruit of your labor." The ruler of Egypt, who forbade a teacher to read the Koran to adults, little understood that in restricting the culprit's instruction to children, he was adding to his power. On the adults he might make little impression; or if some salutary impressions were made, they might be easily removed; but on the youth his instructions would be like engraving in brass or iron.

The Law of Child Life.

Indulgence of the child is the ruin of the man. Restraint and control mark the path of safety and eminence. "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," is the wisdom of Solomon, which, though somewhat discounted in our age, stands well the test of experience. Authority, with a firm spinal column, must shape the life of the child. The child is not yet competent to judge. Of the pitfalls about his path, he sees not the danger, but is attracted by the glare of many false lights to his ruin. The judgment of another must be guide for him past the places of danger, and until his own faculties become competent to deal with the difficulty. Blessed are those children favored with kind and generous, but at the same time firm and straightforward, parents!

The Child at Church.

The life of a child is largely controlled by impressions from the outside world. He yet lives in the senses. The eye and the ear are the gateways through which his best lessons arrive. The age of reason and judgment, when one can add stages him through the intellect, is not yet. In this initial stage of his education, you must impress his imagination, stir his sympathies, move his heart; you must come close to him, touch him, and cause him to feel the warm pulsations of your own heart. For impression on the heart of the child there is no substitute, according to Bishop Vincent, for the public service. The singing, the prayer, the preaching, combine to insure a serious impression. The place is sacred. For the first time, it may be, impressions come to him from the great beyond; he has a sense of the invisible, the spiritual.

Early Impressions.

The permanence of early impressions is an old and well-worn theme, but one the parent and the teacher, who would secure the most salutary results from their instruction, must never forget or neglect. First teachings go deep into the feelings; the material is then plastic; the slightest trace leaves its record, and time, instead of erasing, hardens it to rock.

In one of the early Indian raids in New England, a boy was captured and retained by the savages for some years. He grew up in the customs of the red man. After his return to his old home, he made a profession of religion and straddled for the ministry. In the opening of the Revolution he was preaching near one of our battle-fields. As the fight waxed hot, he was seen to leave his home and advance toward the scene of engagement. On his return, he was met by one of the members of his church, who at once discovered something peculiar in his manner. "Are you sick?" was the natural inquiry. "No," "Are you wounded?" "No," he continued. "No, not wounded." Just then the preacher's coat became unbuttoned, and there fell to the ground three or four false scalps. "I could not help it," he exclaimed as he threw up his arms and fled. (The savage instinct revived at the sight of blood, and instantly broke through the thin crust of later instruction. That early instruction took him back to the forest where he ever after remained.)

Miscellaneous.

ADAM BLACK AND THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

BY REV. H. HEWITT.

FOURTEEN years ago might occasionally be seen in the streets of the beautiful old city of Edinburgh an aged and venerable figure whom no one thought of passing without some outward mark of honor and esteem. Citizens of the "Athens of the North" as Scotchmen, with pardonable pride, are wont to call their capital, had long learned to appreciate the fine manly qualities and enterprising spirit of Adam Black. Edinburgh had known him as one of her most diligent, industrious and thrifty men of business for nearly seventy years. For nearly sixty he had taken a prominent part in the direction of her public affairs. No man in that city of learning, leisure and refinement was ever more profoundly respected and beloved than the well-known publisher and proprietor of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." Nor was the death of any of her most distinguished citizens more sincerely regretted than was his when, at the ripe age of ninety, in January, 1874, he closed his useful and honorable career. That the sentiments of love and esteem which at the time of his decease found expression wherever his name and character were known, were of no transient and fitful sort, but deep and abiding, the visitor to Black's native city may see quite sufficient proof to satisfy him if he chooses. Edinburgh, like ancient Athens, which in some things she "limps after in base awkward imitation," is a city of monuments. Her hills are clad, her streets and squares and open spaces are filled, with tall and stately shafts and finely chiseled figures and other monumental structures more colossal and enduring—all showing the determination of Scotchmen to allow no noble and illustrious memory to perish from their midst so far as it may be prevented. One is not surprised to find, therefore, that between the splendid structures erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott and the statue of Professor Wilson, the gifted author of *Noctes Ambrosianae*, his admiring and grateful fellow-citizens have found space for the noble figure of Adam Black.

Black's parents were of plebeian rank—simple, devoted, labor-loving, God-fearing people. The father was a stone-mason, who "thought he would soon become rich when he found he could get eight shillings (\$2) a week." The mother was the daughter of a small tenant farmer who added to her husband's modest earnings the profits of a little store for dairy produce supplied her from her father's farm. Amid such surroundings, humble but morally wholesome and helpful, Black learned his first lessons of thrift, patience, of duty and self-dependence.

At seven he was sent to the famous Edinburgh High School, presided over at that time by Dr. Adam, whose dying words—his usual formula of dismissal when the long winter evenings began—"Boys, you may go now; it is growing dark"—have made his name known to many who know nothing of his great ability and wonderful success as a teacher. After a short term subsequently spent at the University, his fondness for literature led him to make choice of the business of book-selling as a means of getting bread. "A dreary and disgusting servitude," are the words he used to designate the character of his apprenticeship, "in which I wasted five of the best years of my life." Sad, indeed, is the picture drawn by Black of the book-sellers' stores in Edinburgh at the beginning of the present century. Sadder still the details of reckless dissipation common among both master and assistants. Men drank with a will in those days, and even when worst overcome did not seem to forfeit their respectability and good name. Joseph Addison wrote graceful and polished prose and produced a few good hymns, and urged in the pages of the *Spectator* the importance of good morals and a high style of social refinement; but Addison occasionally got quite drunk; and yet one of his poetical eulogists, alluding to his dying charge to the young Earl of Rochester, does not hesitate to say:—

"He taught us how to live and how to die."

William Pitt, whose life was cut short at forty-six, was slain more by the foe that broke the neck of Elpenor and sent him to the land of the "Cimmerian men," than by the news of Napoleon's successes at Ulm and Austerlitz, or the ever-crowding cares and responsibilities of state.

For three or four years Black tried to take root in London, but failed, and returned to his native city in 1807 and began business on a very modest scale in a small store on the South Bridge. In this little store he became intimately acquainted with the chief contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, including Jeffrey, the editor, and Cockburn of legal fame. His solid and symmetrical character, his chivalrous sympathies, his broad and lofty intelligence, his coolness, shrewdness and fine business ability, had by this time won him the confidence of all classes in the Scotch capital; but for the first ten years of his life as a prosperous man of business he found little opportunity for taking an active part in public affairs. The question that first awoke his slumbering energies and brought him prominently before the men of Edinburgh was that of "Borough Reform." The city, long famed for law, learning and literature, and Black became a leader of the new movement. His public activity, however, was concerned with ecclesiastical no less than with political questions. As a voluntarist in religion, he strongly sympathized with the action of the secessionists when some of Scotland's noblest sons, led by Chalmers, Candlish and Cunningham, made the State a present of her golden fetters and threw themselves confidently upon the appreciation, generosity and sympathy of their parishioners.

When in 1856 Thomas Babington Macaulay (afterwards Lord Macaulay) ceased to represent the city of Edinburgh in Parliament, Mr. Black, at the ripe age of seventy-two, succeeded him. Distinguished as much for his modesty as for his earnest spirit and fine practical intelligence, the man of business did not display an equal ardor and aptitude in parliamentary debate. In his chosen line of life, however, he earned both the reputation and the reward of his rare qualities, and in one respect especially, namely, his relation to that vast repository of learning, literature and science, the "Encyclopedia Britannica," the name of Black will always have an interest for

the friends of advancing scholarship, criticism and physical research on both sides the Atlantic.

Adam Black's connection with the "Encyclopedia" began as far back as 1827, when he bought the copyright from the great publishing house of Constable, so closely associated with the early fame and later misfortune of Sir Walter Scott. It had then been more than half a century exercising the double function of "an instrument as well as register of scientific progress" and increasing knowledge. From three quarto volumes of moderate size in 1771, it had grown in 1824, when Constable had completed the sixth edition, to twenty-six volumes of much larger size. In issuing his prospectus for the seventh edition, Mr. Black announced that the work would be "widened in its compass, amplified and improved in its contents, and raised in all respects to a level with the modes of thinking and spirit of the age." It began to appear in monthly parts, March, 1830, and was completed in 1842, having cost the publishers \$543,890. Nine years later began the preparation of the eighth edition, which was published 1852-'60. The ninth edition began to appear in 1875, and has just been completed. The rare ability, scholarship and enterprise by which it has been brought abreast of the knowledge and requirements of the time, make it at once a splendid monument of the marvelous achievements of the age in science, criticism, philosophy and literature, and a credit to the large and prosperous firm of which Mr. Black laid the foundations nearly eighty years ago. Indeed, nothing could more signally mark the wonderful advancement made during the last hundred years in every department of human art, handicraft, industry and knowledge, than the contrast between the "Encyclopedia Britannica" in 1771 and its appearance, contents and character now. To cite the words of the preface of the edition of 1852-'60: "At first showing little literary skill above the level of respectable abridgement or compilation, it now embraces the whole circle of human knowledge in its most advanced stages; the workmanship at first of a few among the least distinguished literary denizens of its native city, its list of contributors now embraces a large proportion of that learned host by whom the sovereignty of literature is upheld." The men of Edinburgh have done credit to themselves in erecting a monument to the memory of Adam Black, but a man's best monument is his noblest work, and in this the industrious and enterprising Scotchman has laid the whole civilized world under obligations of gratitude.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SERIES.

II.

That Young Men's Class Again.

BY REV. T. W. BISHOP.

YES, and it deserves to be kept before the churches, till every one of them in cities, large towns, and, where possible, in villages, organizes one on a plan I now propose to state. Let me give, by request, a concrete instance.

The Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Springfield, Mass., has a young men's Bible class that celebrated its fourth anniversary the last Sunday of October. Rev. Dr. Chas. Parkhurst, editor of *ZION'S HERALD*, delivered an excellent address, in which he told the young men that their class stood at the head of all others of the kind in New England, which, I am inclined to think, is true. What is its story? Short and suggestive. Thirty young men—all of whom except a half dozen were outside of any church—invited the writer, when pastor of that church, to become their Bible teacher. After reflection, he consented. In six months that 30 had become 105, all of whom were connected with no Sunday-school at that time—the rule being to invite only such to join.

The class, after its first meeting, promptly organized with a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and three committees, viz., visiting, sociable and furnishing. To these was afterwards added an outlook committee. The duties of the first were, to visit the sick and delinquent members; of the second, to furnish social entertainment; of the third, to provide lesson material, hymn-books, and such furniture as the comfort of the class required; while the fourth were, at the close of the morning service, to greet all strange young men at the church doors, as they were passing out, and invite them *urgently* to visit the class that one Sunday, if no more. Many transients have been secured as members in that way.

The class meets directly at the close of the morning service, and the pastor, Rev. W. J. Heath, is the present teacher, and has achieved a fine success. The folding doors of the young men's room, finely fitted up chiefly at the expense of the class, are thrown back at the opening exercises of the Sunday-school, in which the members participate. Then the doors are closed; the class sing once or twice, accompanied on their own organ by their own class organist, and then follows the roll call by the secretary, while the weekly offering is taken; and then a healthy, stimulating and free discussion of the lesson, under the spur and guidance of their able teacher. A hymn and a bit of sociability, especially with the new members, and the class separates.

The work of Sunday is supplemented by an occasional sociable, or a lecture course, or concert, to which the members alone sometimes, sometimes the members and their lady friends, and sometimes the church, are invited. The class can now, after the drill of experience, conduct a sociable in a way to reflect credit on themselves and their church. System, orderliness and good taste are its characteristics. A brief constitution controls its action.

Let me note a few things worth noting about this admirable body of young fellows:

1. The movement is no longer on probation. It has lived, and to some purpose too, for four years—this last year being the finest of its record. One of the secular papers styles it, "that model young men's class." Through heat and cold the average attendance has been 52 for the year! On single Sundays it has mounted to 65, and even 76. It has become the banner class of the city.

2. It is not a Sunday-school within a Sunday-school. It has no antagonisms with the main school. It is an integral part of it, subordinate to its superintendent.

3. It is a good feeder of teachers to the

school. Well taught in the Word themselves, they learn how to teach that Word also.

4. It is a spiritual force in the church. The last year the writer was its teacher he received 19 of its members into church relations.

5. Its success has been so gratifying, that some ten other classes, in Springfield and elsewhere, and in various denominations, have been formed, on an exactly similar basis, and others are being organized. The number of young men actively interested in church work has become a special feature of religious work in Springfield, which the stranger does not fail to notice. This is chiefly due to this class movement.

6. Think of 52 young men, in one church, 52 Sundays of the year, studying the Word, under an enthusiastic and intelligent teacher! What possibilities of future good as laymen!

The complaint is, of the dearth of young men in our churches. Have those churches sought them? They can have and hold young men if they will. It is only a question of will and wise work.

The writer's chief regret is, that his hands are so tied by Sunday work, that he cannot do in Wesley Church, Salem, what he could and would for young men, every Lord's day. Try the experiment; if wisely tried, it will repay the trial.

THE DIVINE LULLABY.

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord;
I hear it by the stormy sea
When winter nights are black and wild;
And when I call to Thee
It calms my fears and whispers me,
"Sleep well, my child!"

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord;
In smothered sighs, in falling snow;
The curfew chime, the midnight bell;
"Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low.
The guardian angel comes and goes,
"Oh, sleep, my child!"

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord;
Ay, though the singing winds be still;
Though hushed the tumult of the deep,
My fainting heart with anguish chilled
By Thy assuring tone is thrilled—
"Fear not, and sleep!"

Speak on—speak on, dear Lord!
When the last dread night is near
With doubts and fears and terrors wild,
Oh, let my soul exclaiming hear
Only these words of heavenly cheer,
"Sleep well, my child!"

—EUGENE FIELD, in *Chicago News*.

OUR NIGHT MARCH INTO THE UNEXPLORED COUNTRY.

GRANT'S march toward Richmond is one of the most memorable in history. It was the beginning of the end of the war. The great captain who had borne of the prizes at Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg, now came to contest the case with Lee, the most superb commander on the rebel side. On this line they were to fight it out. The duel was to be a hard one; the bull-dogs on either side were to come to close grapple. On this broad and blood-stained field, the commander of the armies of the United States was to pulverize the army of Northern Virginia and to reduce the Rebellion to an impalpable powder. The Federal army had the advantage of numbers; the Rebel army had the advantage of position, training, knowledge of the field, and the prestige of almost continuous victory. The commanders were both of the first order.

The movement began on the fourth of May, 1863. On the third, orders were sent to the corps and division commanders to break camp at midnight. The orders were strictly followed, and before daylight long columns had advanced ten miles into the Wilderness, feeling their way in the darkness toward the heart of the Rebellion. In the obscurity and darkness of the Wilderness, they met the enemy in deadly struggle. The fight, the advance, the slaughter, the return of Lee to the city, the sitting down before Petersburg, the end, we know.

Our Life a Battle March.

The human life we live is a battle-march. The forces of the enemy lie across the path leading to the celestial city; he will not suffer us to take the prize uncontented. At an inopportune moment he may strike us in the flank and demoralize our forces. Ours, too, is a night march, along a way we have not hitherto passed, into an unsurveyed region, thick with chapparal and the pitfalls of temptation. To be ignorant of the way endangers our march; but we must endure the disadvantages. As we enter upon another year, clouds and darkness are about our way; we scarcely know as well what a day as an age will bring forth. Into the darkness that may be felt, we enter trustfully, yet tremblingly, feeling our way step by step, and hoping for a favorable outcome, at last, in a contest in which we have everything at stake.

Our Victorious Captain.

In our night march—a forced march—we have many things to encourage us. The great Captain of our salvation, in whom is wisdom and might and victory, is at the head. He is not an untired leader; millions have marched down the ages under His banner. On many a field, hotly contested and against odds, His virtues have been tried; and in no case has He been worsted. What seemed to His disadvantage at moments, has often proved an advantage in another stage of His progress. To His resources, courage, faith, there are no limits. Under His guidance no soldier need be afraid. As the soldiers of Grant and Lee could not, the disciples of the great Master may rest in the assurance of wise and successful direction. He knows the ground, the conditions of the contest, the strength and weakness of the enemy.

Our Captain has an accurate map of the field. In this particular Grant was at a disadvantage; while Lee had full and recent surveys of the ground over which the fighting was to extend. In the nature of the case, much on the Federal side was tentative; the true situation could be ascertained only by experiment. With our great Leader there are no experiments; He has the truth from the start; He knows the whole field with all the liabilities connected with the marches and battles. No surprise can take Him. With a Leader so equipped, we may well be content to walk in obscurity; with our hand in His, we cannot go astray; the danger is with those only who straggle, or get beyond the reach of the Captain's voice. Marching in line through the darkness, we are sure of glorious victory and an abundant entrance into the city of God.

The Innumerable Host

associated with us in the march; volunteers, they are also the elect company of God,

chosen and redeemed spirits; militant now, but destined ere long to gain the triumphant crown.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steep of light;
Thy finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in!"

The Perfect Armor

of this great host should give us an additional sense of security in the struggle. The patent is an old one, but none of the modern improvements have proved at all equal to the original design. The girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, are weapons holding the first place. As you go out in the contests of the armor, fall not to buckle on every part of the armor.

In renewing the march for the twelve months ahead,

Be of Good Courage.

Half the battle is in yourself. To be of a faint heart is to fail yourself and to send discouragement through the host. Timidity is contagious. A cowardly expression, given even in whisper, will be heard through a neighborhood, a church, a continent. On the other hand, a brave word from a noble soldier of Christ rings out like a clarion through the militant ranks. How quickly the temper of the tea spies was communicated to the majority in camp, disclosing at a flash all the mean and cowardly spirits among the people; but the words of Caleb, sounding across the ages, have been a tonic. Every true man has felt the stronger for them. This passage has a lesson for us. Whatever else you may do, do not play the coward or the sneak; be brave, plucky, play the man for the cause of Christ. Discouraging things, to be sure, will not be wanting; the less you talk about them the better for you, for all. An admirable thing in Grant, who everywhere met apparently insuperable difficulties, was his silence in regard to them. One knew that he understood them only when he put forth herculean strength to overcome them. Some good church people magnify their difficulties, talking about them till the courage in them is quite gone. For shame, man! Pluck up courage and move on!

Make the Most of the Talents

God has given you. The original allotment may be small; your sphere of action may be narrow; but, on the small capital, strive to make the greatest possible increase. In so doing you may much exceed your first expectations. The talents of God are curious gifts; they are not fixed quantities which can be measured like so much gold and silver; they expand in the use. No man knows what he can do; consecration will multiply your talent ten-fold.

Rise to the best possible type of religious experience. Do not expend much time on patent methods; the simple New Testament way of serving God is a good one; be sure you get a good, sensible, Scriptural form of experience. Be sure you are saved; that you have peace with God and joy in the Holy Ghost. That is the main thing.

In order to make the most of the year,

Go at Once to Work.

No religious frame or mood is of any value, if it does not set you at work. In the midst of a work-world, where sinners are perishing, we must be workers together with God. This is the surest way to save ourselves and those associated with us. It may be you believe all this, and yet are not quite ready to begin. Do not make this mistake. Begin at this very day, this hour. Do not wait for a field to open; do the duty next to you, keeping an eye open for others beyond. Do not wait for some great thing; life is made up of little things. The myriad rain-drops make the river. To refuse attention to the details, is to miss life's great end.

The application of this little sermon may be given in the familiar words of our New England poet:—

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart, be it ever so weary;
With a soul, be it ever so weary;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—The drink bill for Ireland for the past year amounted to £11,041,588.

—A man who kept a liquor saloon in Raleigh, N. C., went to hear Sam Jones in Durham, was convicted and converted, and at once telegraphed to Raleigh: "Close up my saloon; I am done with the business."

—Seventeen hundred boys under fifteen in Los Angeles County, Cal., have taken the anti-tobacco pledge.

—A three years' course of study, with a system of reading for "seals," modeled upon the Chautauque plan, is being prepared for the use of Loyal Temperance Legions by Mrs. Helen G. Rice and Miss Anna Gordon.

—A significant fact for croakers is this, that Dakota has organized 33 new W. C. T. U. Unions—three district and thirty local—since the last State convention held in September.

—The queen of Madagascar has presented Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt with a gift of \$100 as an expression of her interest in the total abstinence work.

—A free reading-room for working boys is maintained by the Loyal Legion Temperance Society of New York city.

—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry has been chosen to take the White Cross branch of the Social Purty department of the National W. C. T. U.

—A new venture of the National Temperance Hospital in the near future will be the opening of a pharmacy for the preparation of both allopathic and homeopathic medicines without the use of alcohol.

—Mr. George Kennan says in his article on Siberia in the *December Century*: "There are thirty run-shops to every school throughout Western Siberia, and thirty-five run-shops to every school throughout Eastern Siberia, and in a country where there exists such a disposition to progress and a high regard for education and the facilities for intoxication, one cannot reasonably expect to find clean, orderly or prosperous villages."

—The assurance comes from the office of the Commissioner General of the United States Exhibit at the World's Exposition to be held at Paris next year, that no bar or restaurant for the sale of liquor will be allowed in the United States Section.

—Dr. Beaumont, lecturer on materia medica in Sheffield Medical School, says: "It is I who am the sufferer by my non-alcoholic treatment, for the patients get well much sooner, and as a natural consequence my bills for professional attendance are very considerably less."

—"I drank," says P. T. Barnum, "more or less intoxicating liquors from 1837 till 1847. The last four of those years I was in England, and there the habit

and my appetite for liquor grew so strong from month to month that I discovered that if continued it would certainly ruin my ruin. With a tremendous effort and a most determined resolution I broke the habit square off, and resolved never to practice it again. I have religiously kept that resolution for more than forty years. Had I not done so, I should have been in my grave a quarter of a century ago, for my health had already begun to be affected by alcohol. I was so delighted with my own escape that I traveled thousands of miles at my own expense and gave hundreds of free temperance lectures in every State between Maine and Wisconsin, besides Missouri, Kentucky, Louisiana and California. I have gladly expended thousands of dollars for temperance. I have built numerous houses for moderate drinking workmen on condition that they would become teetotalers, and they subsequently paid for the houses with the money and extra strength gained thereby."

"THE SECRET TOLD."

BY REV. GEORGE ALCOCK PHINNEY.

AS the solar ray dashes from the distant sun, the secret to a knowledge of Christian truth flashed from the bosom of the Master. He willingly told it. He could not keep it. Lovingly He heralded it through the fields of His tithing message. John has recorded the priceless prescription in his seventh chapter: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." The press informed us recently that a hundred thousand dollars was the provision of Congress for a remedy that would heal the infirmity of weeping Florida. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" O perishing soul, reading the columns of this sacred sheet, put your ear to this word of God, for in them are the dicta of the Infinite which will save you! Dying and knowing—that is the secret.

These words are unequivocal. Whenever you find in Scripture an "if" followed by one of these promissory shalls, you may rest assured something is contained in it that is consequential. I cannot afford to distrust God's shalls and wills. It is specific: enough. It is not a glittering generality, but a radiant speciality. Obey, and God will fit your crown to you. This word has a diamond edge to it, cutting into all human speculations relating to the soul's personal salvation. And how sublimely impartial this declaration is! As all Christ's words are, this is good theology, for it makes salvation possible not as widely as the human race, but as far and wide as there is willingness to the human will. Blessed word! It is particular and lucid enough in its doctrine, and at the same time general enough to send a thrill of joy from Bethany to Bethesda. Valerius once incurred suspicion of affecting sovereignty by building his mansion on an eminence of the city of Rome, and when he caught the murmurs of the people, he caused those magnificent structures to be destroyed, and in contentment built a modest cabin on the hill-slope. How infinitely wise the Scriptures are, in that nowhere among its eminent counsels God has taught the sovereignty of an aristocratic minority! "If any man will," has leveled all distinctions. I would not have a soul overlook the promissory character of this divine utterance. The veracity of heaven hinges on this promise. Angels watch it. "He is faithful who hath promised it." How many times, dear brother, have you taken men's word in your mercantile career? To take God's promissory note, ought it to require a fractional part of that faith in God?

There is also a finality about this word not to be forgotten. Take down your ladders, ye thieves and robbers, footsore by the tedium of your round-climbing! Do His will! Thus "enter in by the door into the sheep-fold." Save that wasted energy in disobedience by one unwearied, simple, trustful act of obedience to God! Some few years ago a couple of students at Middletown who had elected practical astronomy, went at night to the famous observatory of that place on a midnight research among the stars. The shutters were opened and the instrument was sighted on a planet. Scarcely had we brought the star within our field of vision than our attention was diverted, and on returning to the object in the heavens found that it had left us. Again the telescope was sighted, but with a similar result. The young students, disheartened at the futility of their efforts, sought after their instructor, that mathematical prince in our scholastic Israel, who, with a smile on his face which reminds one of the colors around the Throne where Mercy reigns with Justice, came willingly to our assistance. The night was fast passing—a good clear time for celestial study. His skilled eye caught the star and fixed the instrument upon it. At the same time he set the machinery of the clock in motion. Our telescope was filled with star-shine, and we learned that night the stellar doctrine. The criticism of that hour revives with the reading of the Scripture quoted: "You have not done as I have told you," was the kind rebuke. And is not this lesson conveyed to us scores of ways in the annual experiences of life, that whether it be sunlight or Christ-light, we shall not know the doctrine until we seek the truth in obedience to law physical or divine. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

What is the philosophy of this search after God? Not a passive inclination will bring the grand result, but it costs, simply, the active effort of a determined heart. To give the hidden meaning of the original, one might translate: "If any one makes downright choice in his heart to do His will, he shall know concerning the doctrine." Inclination has no more moral force in the discovery of the truth than a drifting craft on the sea has in the determination of its destiny. Good things in this world are not drifted into. God wants of us a lively purpose. The living God is only known to a living heart. Life on earth is answered back to life in heaven. Live, and you shall know Him! Asahel told Asa when he met him, "If ye seek Him, He will be found of thee." The Psalmist rings the changes on this thought of search as helpful to knowledge, for he says that his seeking was rewarded with God's hearing: "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." I do not think that ever a soul came to the Master in real earnestness who went away without gleaming more and better bread than Ruffin got in the fields of Boaz. Heaven never runs short of one commodity—the Bread of Life.

What offer can equal this promise of God to us? He never disappoints a seeker. You are not asked to make an adventure. You will find the land you seek. Put your heart into the search, and you will surely get God's heart of it. "Obey My voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be My people." Some things need futurity for their satisfactory settlement, but doing His will brings a present assurance. For centuries the sciences have gone trembling to their graves, but the disciples of Christ ever walk with the same joy and confidence of Paul at Rome and John at Ephesus to their crowning.

What a doctrine Christ will teach you! It is not the doctrine of the rabbi; nor Epicurus' teaching of the Garden; nor Zeno's wisdom in the Porch; nor the Aristotelean philosophy of the Lyceum; nor Plato's instruction in the Grove; but it was the peculiar doctrine of Christ's teaching in the Temple, whose essence was "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." In terms which will be helpful, what is the doctrine God will teach you? It will be one of triple blessedness—how great your need is, how great God's love is, and how great the privilege He offers you. Man does not know his own need until he knows Christ's help. Modern aesthetics stamps the Christian doctrine as antique, but I notice that the truth of it survives in the consciousness of every obedient penitent. I know of nothing finer in this world for a soul to learn than to discover how much God loves it—His atoning love that made possible a personal redemption; His redeeming love that made real the atonement; and His saving love that keeps potent His dying in each life.

Have you ever thought, dear brother, of your privilege? It is the doctrine—perfection! "That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Remember, the Scriptures do not read, "If ye know, ye shall do," but "If ye do, ye shall know." Doing is the human effort, revealing is the divine. Do! Obey! Know!

"Oh, how unlike the complex works of man, Heaven's easy, artless, unnumbered plan! No meretricious cause to beguile, No clustering ornaments to clog the pipe; From ostentation, as from weakness, free, It stands like the carleless arch we see, Majestic in its own simplicity. Inscribed above the portal, from afar Conspicuous as the brightness of a star, Legible only by the light they give, Stand the soul-quieting words—Believe, and live. Too many, shocked at what would charm them most, Despise the plain direction, and are lost."

GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.

—Bishop McTear, of the M. E. Church, South, is improving.

—Twenty-one Sunday-schools were organized by the Blue Ridge Conference last year.

—Miss Isabelle Leonard is still in India engaged in her evangelistic labors. The *Star of India* reports her presence at a series of meetings at Lucknow.

—Mrs. G. W. Gray and J. S. Chadwick have been elected corresponding secretaries to assist Dr. Hartwell in the work of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

—The report of the London Mission, just issued, speaks of remarkable success. Five well-lighted chapels have been refitted, and ten other places made centres of Christian philanthropy. More than 1,500 persons are already meeting in class.

—Rev. Peter Thompson is said to be the only Methodist preacher working among a population of 310,000 persons, who inhabit the area embraced by the East London Mission.

—Bishop Joyce has moved to Chattanooga, Tenn., the place of his official residence, and preached his first sermon at the stone church, on Sunday, Dec. 16. He and his wife have met with an enthusiastic reception.

—Rev. G. B. Smyth, wife and child, and Miss E. M. Fisher, a missionary party, have sailed from San Francisco on the steamer "Oceanic" for Foochow.

—Bishop Walden and wife, and their youngest daughter, have started for Mexico. The Bishop goes officially, and will be gone some time. He will take time there to visit all our mission stations and the place where it is proposed to establish our work in the near future.

—Dr. B. St. J. Fry, of the *Central*, who is a famous collector of books on Methodist history and literature, has recently secured a copy of the original edition of John Wesley's sermon on "Free Grace," printed in 1741, and his "Collection of Psalms and Hymns," printed the same year.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

—Yaroc Michael Neenan, a Persian, who has for six years been a student in the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church of New York city, was ordained as a priest by Bishop Potter, recently, and has gone to Persia as a missionary.

—At the recent meeting of the American Unitarian Association, \$200 was appropriated in aid of the Unitarian Church, Buda Pesth, Hungary, for the year 1888, and \$3,000 was appropriated to pay Rev. Arthur M. Knapp for missionary services in Japan for the coming year.

—A Medical Mission has been established in the Equilino, in Rome, a new quarter where workmen and their families reside.

—It is proposed to build a "Chalmers Memorial Church" at Anstruther, Scotland, the place of Dr. Chalmers' birth.

—The Moravian Mission on the Nahagah river, Alaska, is three thousand miles from supplies and trained workers. It was so cold there on the 18th of December, 1887, that the moisture in the smoke condensed and filled up the chimney with frost so that Mr. Wolf was compelled twice to go up on the roof and clear out the chimney so that the stove might draw.

—Rev. Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Finnieston Free Church, Glasgow, has been presented with a silver salver and £4,000, on the occasion of his ministerial jubilee.

—There has been an increase of nearly one million native communicants to all the Christian churches in heathen lands during the past year.

—The *Congregationalist* says: "That was a bright little Mission Band girl at Springfield, Vt., who on receiving a penny to invest, *laid it* for a week and sold the eggs. There is enterprise for you, and a live missionary spirit to back it! Perhaps next year she will own the hen—which might prove a more eggs clement way."

—The Salvation Army of London have established a cheap food depot at the East End, to relieve the distress which prevails there. For a penny an adult receives a refreshing and a nice-looking soup and bread. For a half-penny he gets either bread

Our Book Table.

PARADOXES OF A PHILISTINE. By Wm. S. Walsh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.

The fables of this age need emphasizing, if only for their cure. Some of them, the author of "Paradoxes of a Philistine" has taken in hand. He is not a philistine, but a disinterested and almost a pessimist. What if he does acknowledge the power of love, and admit that all men are better than they seem? He is bitter enough. Content not only with roasting individuals, he puts even nations on his spit. Can a philistine who sees that the patriotic are like "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" are "choice specimens" of bombast, see much virtue or worth in the individual? He declares with perfect confidence that "the entire atmosphere of modern fiction in England and America is false and conventional," although he admits that the popular novels are "unexceptionably moral." Some of the titles of these essays are: "The Mistakes of the Critics," "The Mistakes of the Novelists," and "Is Poetry Declining?" To this latter question he, of course, answers "Yes," and with these blue reasons—more witty poetry; of the few readers a majority are women; and apathy to this form of literature. Undoubtedly there is some measure of truth in these nearly two hundred pages, but it is served up pickled. It is truly sour.

ENDLESS BRING. By J. L. Barlow. Fleming H. Revell: Chicago and New York. Price, 75 cents.

This is a little book of about one hundred and fifty pages, with introduction by Dr. Henson, of Chicago. On the whole, it is a helpful book, dealing with such mighty themes as "Existence," "Life," "Death," and "Eternal Life." The author claims that having previously been an annihilist, he has got out of the fog and the mist. He forgets to mention among those who believe in annihilation, as at least a tentative belief based upon the Scriptures, Dr. Lyman Abbott, who is widely known, as neither Doherty, White nor Pettigrew. Others might be mentioned. This is a good word: "We cannot leave the hands of a just God—striving mean while, so far as lies in our power, to rouse them to a sense of their danger. And this we are sure cannot be wisely done—expecting the divine blessing on our labors—by toning down any of the threatenings or warnings of our God." Then the author, of course, believes that those who declare that the finally impatient are annihilated, that there may be left no shred of evil or suffering in the universe, are toning down God's threatenings and warnings. This is his inference, with which all do not agree. But Mr. Barlow is undoubtedly sincere; and that is enough. God knows the truth, and if we have it not yet, we shall get it in His own good time. However, it seems to us almost useless to try to establish the fact of an endless life upon any *a priori* reasoning. Such may help a little, but the great fact of the resurrection of Christ is the invulnerable basis upon which, as a great German scholar has said, is based the very existence of Christianity. This book will require examination, as a help to the study of the Bible.

CHURCH ORDER IN WORK AND WORSHIP. By Rev. T. W. Powell. F. H. Revell: Chicago and New York.

"This little book seeks to enforce a method of conducting church business so as to avoid hasty discussions that end in strife." Such are the magnificent words opening the preface; and if the book could accomplish that, it would be a boon indeed. The potent evil in church troubles is not the Sabbath services, nor the prayer-meeting, nor the socials, nor the mission circle, nor even the sewing circle, "with all its proverbial gossip"—no, but the business meeting is the fruitful source of most of them. Is this true? This is the author's experience. The exhorting of the superintendent of the Sunday-school to the position of assistant pastor, would be of great value to the healthful growth of the church. So, too, the author, and there is wisdom in the suggestion. On the whole, this book, put into the hands of every member of the church, would do a great amount of good to the member and to the church. It is sensible, clear, discreet. To all of it we might not agree; but that is a normal and praiseworthy labor, is acknowledged.

SHOESHINE AND OTHER WESTERN WONDERS. By Edwards Roberts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This little manual has an infelicitous title, for this would naturally suppose that it was in honor of Shoeshine, "a struggling little village," "so very dead, one cannot speak of it otherwise than kindly." However, the honor belongs to the Shoeshine Falls, south of the town. The book is a valuable simply as a pleasant weary away of a leisure hour. It has some statistics, but they are unpretentious and of no particular value save to indicate the rapid stride of growth in the West. Being the record of a holiday, and presumably by a gentleman of leisure, it will serve as a sort of introduction to the history of the Great West which is yet to be written, and to call the attention of the reader to the fact that if he wishes to see the great plains and massive mountains, with nature in her primitive glory, before civilization has marred the picture, he must go quickly. The West is being Easternized with express-train velocity. The most readable chapter is that which gives "Glimpses of Utah," and the illustrations, considering the size and cost of the book, are good, particularly "A Prairie Town," and a tiny bit of a sketch, "Tyghoe Pass."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BIBLE. PART II. THE PLANTS, THE MINERALS AND THE ATMOSPHERE. By John Worcester. Boston: Massachusetts New Church Union.

If this book had confined itself to giving the natural history of the Bible, without trying to discover correspondences between a fruit or a grain, for example, and a human thought, or motive, or act, it would have been a valuable hand-book to have had in the library; for the style of the author is lucid, simple and elegant. It is true, indeed, that things natural in all their aspects may be applied as illustrations to things spiritual, to the edification of reader or hearer, but this idea of correspondences, begun by Swedenborg and developed by his followers, is, to say the least, unnecessary, and, in most cases, absurd. Take this: "The food that obtained from olives, leeks and garlic"—"has relation to knowledge. In this case sensual knowledge, rather than with an immediate view to use, but as a good in itself, for present pleasure." Or this: "The melons and cucumbers are watery, and medicinally produce colic, and therefore affections of the digestive organs, and therefore, they appear to be related to the intellectual senses, through which the mind is instructed—the hearing and sight especially." This book is, therefore, valuable to the Swedenborgian, and to nobody else. Its natural history is meagre, being only sufficient to magnify the correspondence.

THE LESSON COMMENTARY ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1889. By Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, D. D., Phillips & Hunt: New York.

This is the continuation of the commentary begun sixteen years ago by Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. George H. Whitney, D. D. It is a most excellent commentary, and cannot fail to be of value to the teacher into whose hands it shall fall. A good idea is that of having the authorized and revised versions together. The authorities quoted are both ancient and modern, thus indirectly showing to the close student of the lessons the advances that have been made. The comments upon the text are almost invariably made by quotation from some scholar or commentator, but so keen and practical are the "Practical Lessons" which are given by the compilers of the commentary, that one cannot help wishing that they had, at least occasionally, commented themselves. The illustrations and maps are as good, but no better, than in former issues.

Following like three children of a smaller growth, published also by the Book Concern, are the BARNES LESSON BOOKS, for beginners, for intermediates and for senior scholars. These lessons have become, in a sense, a necessity in the Methodist churches; and, compared with other lesson books of the same size and style, they are their equal. In all commentaries, however, it is always best to leave disputed and still open questions untouched, or state that they are so.

SCOTCH CAPS. By J. A. K. Price, \$1.25. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: 13 Astor Place, New York.

A graphic story of academy life, having the usual amount of fun, frolic, rivalry and mischief, with a dash of tragedy, is told by the author of "Birchwood," "Fitch Creek," "Professor Johnny," etc., in this new volume, which gets its name from a society called "Scotch Caps" formed among the higher principled boys in opposition to the bad element in the school—the "Off Shores." It is an excellent book for young people—for the girls as well as for the boys.

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In this little volume are collected brief descriptive articles, written by the late Miss Andrews in such a pleasing style, that the small people for whose instruction they were prepared, will read with delight these beautiful secrets that Mother Nature reveals to the eager, earnest student. "The Story of the Amber Bees," "The Talk of the Trees that Stand in the Village Street," "How the Indian Corn Grows," "A Peep into One of God's Storehouses," "Sixty-two Little Tadpoles," are some of the suggestive headings of the chapters in this pretty book.

THE GARDEN AWAKENING. By F. A. Black. Price, 35 cents. J. S. Ogilvie: 57 Rose St., New York.

In this book is offered a pleasing collection of original and selected hymns and spiritual songs for use in Gospel meetings, Sabbath-schools, and the home circle.

SEMONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS FOR 1889. By the Monday Club. Fourteenth Series. Price, \$1.25. Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society: Boston and Chicago.

Teachers who have used this admirable series will need no commendation of this latest volume. The familiar names of Drs. Dunning, Leavitt, Clark, Gregg, Boynton, and many others, reappear, and their work will be eagerly welcomed. For the final review of the lesson, after one has mastered it in earnest with the use of the customary "helps," there is nothing better, and no one will use it without wondering how he ever prepared a lesson without it.

OUR YOUTH. J. L. Hurlbut, D. D., Editor. Phillips & Hunt: New York.

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9, 1889.

THE TOUCH DEFILÉ.

In one of the thriving towns of New England, there lingers in the memory of the earnest advocates of total abstinence a chapter of history which is often retold as a suggestive warning. The leading clergyman of the town was a man of signal ability and bore a name honored in educational circles, not only in New England, but throughout the land. He came from a family, however, that sustained the generous and old-time social habits and practices. Wine was in his cellar in liberal supplies, and oftentimes upon his table. While it was never charged that this clergyman drank to excess, yet it was generally known that he did not discountenance the use of liquor in moderation; and, indeed, in the social circles in which he moved in the episcopal of his State, he accepted and drank wine at the table without any hesitation or word of criticism. When the agitation of the cause of temperance found strong and expressive utterance on the basis of total abstinence from Methodist and Baptist ministers, his pulpit was silent, or echoed only the word of sarcasm which he could so well use against the fanatical reformers.

Years went on apace. This man's example and utterances were all in sympathy with the use of liquors in moderation. His pulpit was the most prominent in the commonwealth. His attitude on the question of temperance was quoted throughout the State. God had given him a son, a most promising and brilliant boy. This son, in direct imitation of the father, learned to sip and to drink wine in his own home. He soon came to use it to excess from the most hopeless wrecks that the writer ever saw—so drunken, lecherous and vile, that he could no longer be endured under the father's roof.

The father, who was with a noble man, awoke, at last, to the consciousness of the fatality of his own influence upon his son, upon the community and the commonwealth. It was a long hour of unendurable remorse which nearly shook his reason. In private and in public he frankly acknowledged the error of his life-time, and expressed great astonishment that his own practices should have so blinded him to the truth. He quickly banished wine from his table and his home. He confessed his error from pulpit and platform. In a union meeting, when all the clergy-men of the town were present for temperance agitation and work, he voluntarily told his pitiful and humiliating story with tears and unrestrained agony of regret that broke all hearts. He could not forgive himself, and never rose again from the sense of depression which the conviction of wrong example had wrought upon his own and upon others.

Thus does the curse of this social habit extend and perpetuate itself. Thus does the touch defile the home, silence the lips that should thunder against it, and turn those who should be its normal friends into foes. Is the reader, in any sense or for any reason, under its thrall?

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

This sentence is written of the Captain of our salvation, Christ Jesus the Lord. There is in it a depth and mystery of meaning that humanity cannot fully comprehend. Sometimes, however, the ministry of suffering, in fullest measure, is seen in its sanctifying influence upon the believer. The supreme purpose of God with every soul is to fashion it into similitude with Himself, as revealed in Jesus Christ. The baptism of suffering is God's crucible for melting the soul; and when thus melted, the dross is most easily removed. It is not meant that such a ministry must be cheerfully accepted on its first approach, or always borne without murmur or complaint. Even the Saviour prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" It was said of Paul, at his divine call to the apostleship, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake." Such suffering came to Paul with manifold commission. Read again 2 Corinthians 11:22-30. The great apostle is all the more dear and near to us in that he is always so intensely human and resists at first the imposition of every fresh affliction. The "thorn in the flesh" he was most determined not to endure, and thrice he

utters his plaintive wail to God for relief. When imprisonment came, he frankly expressed his discontent with such an affliction. It was not until the close of his life, remember, that he was able to say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." And yet, with all this human shrinking and resistance, Paul was made "perfect through suffering." This is the mould in which God fashions His saints; but the suffering ones should not chide themselves, much less should they be chided by others, if the mould seem at first and perhaps for years a painful and inexplicable restriction. God is gradually bringing out the reserve harmonies of the soul, and we doubt not that He is surprised that there are so few discordant notes. That is a graciously human as well as divine word: "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

The following fact from the editorial columns of the *Christian Inquirer* shows how the soul is perfected through suffering; but let the reader in affliction remember that the chastening even in this instance must have been at first most distressing, and in moments of weakened trust must now seem grievous. The most eminent saint is not always in the holy calm of such gracious submissiveness.

"Recently we visited a man who for seven years has been a victim of incurable disease. He is compelled to stay within doors, unable to walk, forced night and day to keep a sitting posture, and is poor in this world's goods. Nevertheless, like Paul, he has learned in whatsoever state he is to be content. More than that, he is happy. 'My Father,' said he, 'makes no mistakes. How many who repine at the little trials and vexations of life might feel rebuked by the self-control and cheerfulness of suffering saints!'"

THE EXEGETE IN STUDY AND PULPIT.

Many of our people feel the want of more complete and more careful exegesis in the pulpit—they want the Bible explained. One of the glories of Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit has long been his reading the Scriptures with running comments. We wonder why the practice is not more common. Let the pastor prepare himself to give an explanatory reading of one Scripture lesson each Sunday, and arrange his selections on some system which will give breadth and value to these lessons throughout the year, and we are sure the result would surprise any one who has not tried it.

The textual method of expounding the Scriptures has its value, but the exegetical sermon in which a paragraph or two is carefully followed through, is not as common as it ought to be. Put as much labor into it as a good sermon usually requires, and it will be quite as interesting, in many cases more interesting, than the essay or seven-headed and ten-horned discourse. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, of New York, has given to his pulpit ministry a remarkable unity and value by treating the Scriptures connectively and expositively. His books are the fruit of this instructive method. We have too much exhortation in the body of our sermons and too little at the end. Light should be made when the existence of light is assumed. There are some congregations for whom an A B C method of instruction about the Bible would be a great blessing. There is much more ignorance on the simple things of the Word than is known to our pastors. To train himself, and he will get more good than he can do his people by making the preparation. Many sermons are built on false exegesis, and others accept and use fanciful explanations of particular texts. To find out what the text is, what it means, using the context and the general drift of revelation, requires more care than to think out a few heads and fill the spaces between with many words. But the true sense is itself an inspiration; and if one makes it appear, the sermon will be a success in spite of many defects of expression.

The true exegete tries to distinguish the value of things said in the Bible. Some are said by good, uninspired men, some by bad men, and some by the devil; and the force of what they say is in all such cases fixed by the mouths which they say them. Even Paul warns us that he says some things without authority. And the most careless reader perceives the same want of authority in other places. The Bible is largely a history of men only a few of whom have any inspiration. Neither the witch of Endor nor Satan have commissions to teach us the right ways of the Lord. A good preacher ought not to leave his hearers to guess that the word of a sinful man is the word of the Lord.

There is a ground plan of doctrine in the Scriptures—certain principles which are often repeated and abundantly illustrated; and the true exegete will always keep the plan before him in his expository work. Here, however, there may be danger of overlooking something else which is of high importance. The Bible would be a very small book if we threw out of it all that mass of history and incident which mainly concerns the nature of man. It is the great book of human nature. It tells us what we are with a fullness and completeness belonging to no other book. Every incident is true to unchanging humanity; but the incident is best left as the book leaves it, as a photograph of some line in the features of a man. "And the Lord said, 'or 'Thus saith the Lord,' usually warns us that God himself is speaking; and what He says is of supreme importance. What a man says in the book depends for its authority on the circumstances. It is time that much pains were taken to discriminate in these and other matters of exegesis.

Rightly approached, the Bible is the

most interesting book in the world. We fear that it is not felt to be such a book by the majority of people attending upon the Christian ministry. The method of presenting it must be defective—this seems to be the only explanation of the fact that the Scriptures are dull to so many. It seems to us that the Lord has taken great care to fill the book with interesting matter, to clothe its language and its story with singular attractions. The humanity in it, the men and women coming and going singly or in multitudes—and the divine in it, and the heavenly in it, all combine to attract us. And when the hard shell of careless interpretations has once been broken, and men get at the real contents of the Bible, they find it sweet, refreshing and instructive as well as uplifting and purifying. Let us try to bring men face to face with the living Word of the Lord.

POINTS.

- "O Lord, revive Thy work!"
- Make your religion genuinely Christian.
- The opening of the New Year is auspicious.
- Peace, plenty and hope cheer the wide world.
- The politician is saying that General Harrison is an obstinate man. Good!
- "Dear brother minister, don't be quite so long telling the people to be sh. rt."—*Western Christian Advocate.*
- "Morality consists in an amicable adjustment of personal rights."
- It is an economy of time and strength for pulpit to call sin by its shortest name.
- Plymouth Church abandons the sale of its pews at auction.
- "The sense of sin leads to holiness; the concept of holiness leads to sin."—*Professor Shedd.*
- Denver Methodism organizes a Preachers' Meeting.
- "Never write poetry unless you can't help it."—*Carlyle.*
- Ireland paid \$55,000,000 for drink last year.
- Methodism must lead the van in the irrepressible conflict with the drink traffic.
- Gilbert Haven received the first commission as Chaplain in the Civil War.
- "You may shout if you shine."—*Christian Standard.*
- Mr. Moody is holding meetings in San Francisco.
- Members of the church willing to do the ungenial work, are the need always.
- A church owned and managed entirely by deaf mutes is dedicated in Philadelphia.
- "We must put the Gospel of Christ into all these reforms that are afloat."—*Bishop Gilbert Haven.*
- "He preached politics as a part of the appropriate work of a Christian minister."—*Daniel's "Memorial of Bishop Haven."*
- Curtis says, "Civil Service Reform is not yet dead." It is in a comatose state.
- It is believed that President Harrison will abridge the politician, to give room to the statesman.
- "Perhaps the worst manners are of those persons dressed in some rag of authority."—*Prof. Bryce.*
- It is probable that John Wamamaker, the Christian merchant, will enter the Cabinet.
- Baltimore ministers discuss the evils of divorce.
- With many of our readers this will be the last year of opportunity.
- "I like preaching most of all."—*Dr. George Macdonald.*
- It would be a helpful surprise to know just what your best friend thinks of you.
- President-elect Harrison reveals no secrets.
- Christianity is neither creed nor emotion, but life and service.
- "It is a very pleasant sop to a disturbed conscience to say, 'I could not help it.'"—*Bishop Goodsell.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The Grand Old Man."

Mr. Gladstone in Naples, with the Italians jubilant at his coming, is a pleasing incident. The benevolence of Mr. Gladstone's nature is publicly demonstrated year after year, when as a young man he called attention to the barbarous condition of Neapolitan prisons. His humanity has not been forgotten by the grateful Italians. Some men do not need office in order to greatness. In office or out, Mr. Gladstone is a power. Office can add little to his conspicuity among the men of the world. It simply means wider opportunity. A man is to be measured not by what he does, but by what he expects to do. A confederacy of mediocrities can block the way of a man who is ahead of the average elements of his age. But ideas live after men die. They have in them a persistence which is irresistible. Mr. Gladstone may never again be Prime Minister of England. But the Gladstonian ideas will find some man who can push them into the realm of the actual. Another Mr. Gladstone is not at present on the horizon. "The Grand Old Man" has no need to depaict his men. Eliza is not Kijab. No second Moses ever arose. But Joshua followed, and many others who could not have been benefactors to their generation if Moses had never been. Mr. Gladstone's death might rouse all England to a nobler height of political achievement than ever it has yet attained. And yet we could pray, sincerely and fervently, that the "old man eloquent" might not "depart in peace" till his last great idea had won supremacy over the narrow Toryism of Salisbury and the bastard Liberalism of Chamberlain.

Dr. Burton's Yale Lectures.

We supplement Dr. Steele's excellent article by saying that one of the good books for ministers, especially young and inexperienced ministers, lately issued, is that containing the Yale Lectures of the late Dr. Burton, of Hartford. It is crammed full of common sense. Its wisdom is of the practical kind. Its way of putting things is deliciously fraternal and free. Why the sentences remind one of Thomas Carlyle it is difficult to tell, but they do bring up the old romantic Scotchman again and again to our remembrance. They impress us as being the words of a very honest and a very lovable man, with any amount of quiet humor and no end of fun in him. Yet the undertone of melancholy is never far off. The moan of the pine trees is heard in all these discourses. It belongs to great souls to be in perpetual sympathy with the pathetic and unintelligible. Every minister's library ought to have this book. It is unlike any of the other volumes less theoretical, more the outpour of a very rare human soul of the truth which has passed into and through itself. Here we have, not a man on stilts, asking you to ad-

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It is understood that the Methodist ministers of Philadelphia have expressed themselves in a similar manner. The Methodist Episcopal Church has something more than 12,000 ministers. It is probable, therefore, that one percent of the number have thus far expressed themselves publicly on this momentous subject.

So much for the ministers. What about the Bishops? The subject has not been considered by the Episcopal Board of our church, and therefore no official action has been sought or taken. The foundation for the statement relative to action by the Bishops rests, so far as can be ascertained, upon the utterance of Bishop S. M. Morrill, of Chicago, who said, in response to an interview:—

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Bishop Morrill speaks with his accustomed frankness, candor and incisiveness, but it is noticeable that he assumes to speak only for himself. He really might not, only with a generous consideration he speaks of General Harrison and the peculiar pressure brought to bear upon him. The press has charged that the "Methodists" were greatly embarrassing the President-elect. There is nothing of this in fact, but the rather, if anything, would they make it easier for him to act wisely and heroically.

Although, as a denomination, Methodism has not expressed itself in this specific matter, yet as a church, in its discipline, dancing is prohibited as an amusement, and the use of music in connection with the celebration of the marriage of the church is restricted. The membership of the church are restricted in this particular for the reason so clearly and forcibly given. The Methodist minister or layman, therefore, who opposes the Inauguration Ball as baneful in its influence upon the public, is entirely consistent with his creed and church government. Indeed, it is the very genius of Methodism to strike at any evil either wrong in itself or in its influence upon the church, without regard to its association. The Apostle Paul was evidently of the same opinion in regard to morally doubtful or questionable practices and amusements, when he penned these words to the "Christians": "Abstain from all appearance of evil." And he marks, forever, the exalted principle of self-sacrifice and restraint, for the Christian, when he exclaims in a kindred text: "Wherefore, if meat make my brother offend, I will eat no meat while he lives, lest I make my brother offend."

Railroads.

There is much ignorance in the public mind at the present hour as to the causes of depression in railroad stock. As one-third of all the investments of the people generally in railroads, whatever depresses them depresses one in every three of the men and women who have saved and invested money. The Interstate Commerce Law is the first inquiry and the greatest. It is an interference, by third-rate politicians, with a business of which they have no adequate understanding, and over which they have no right to exercise internal control. The Interstate Commerce Law was one of the most blundering and ignorant pieces of legislation ever introduced. It has cost the country now some \$200,000,000, and will cost still more. It has robbed widows and orphans as well as capitalists. It has compelled men who were co-operating legitimately for the public benefit to cut each other's throats, to the glory of Mr. Cullom and his associates. Men who voted for this bill did not understand it. Even learned judges interpreted it in direct opposition to its intent. Yet it was being passed in its inchoate state, and had none its work so well that most of the railroads to the west of Chicago cannot handle Eastern freight without losing money. This insane war on railroads is the war of the people on its own property and to its own loss. It is to be hoped that the public will look at the question a little more intelligently, or in the near future a panic of dimensions as yet unequalled will sweep from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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In justice to the facts, it needs to be said that neither of the above statements are true. The only basis for such declarations rests in the following facts. The Methodist ministers of Columbus, O., in preachers' meeting assembled, did discuss the Inauguration Ball, and "put their convictions into its resolution."

"We, the Methodist preachers of Columbus, in view of the elevation of a Christian man to the Presidency, do feel that this is a fitting time for high official disavowal of the tendencies, in certain quarters, to imitate the follies, displays, pagantry, and extravagance of European courts. We therefore respectfully protest against the proposed expenditure of nearly \$100,000, for the purpose of imitating those follies, corrupting the simplicity of republican principles, encouraging ostentatiousness, and perpetuating that relic of barbarism, the inaugural ball, on the occasion of his inauguration."

It is understood that the Methodist ministers of Philadelphia have expressed themselves in a similar manner. The Methodist Episcopal Church has something more than 12,000 ministers. It is probable, therefore, that one percent of the number have thus far expressed themselves publicly on this momentous subject.

So much for the ministers. What about the Bishops? The subject has not been considered by the Episcopal Board of our church, and therefore no official action has been sought or taken. The foundation for the statement relative to action by the Bishops rests, so far as can be ascertained, upon the utterance of Bishop S. M. Morrill, of Chicago, who said, in response to an interview:—

"It is not for me to say what the President ought to do in the inauguration ball. The President is permitted in, as something so related to the inauguration proper as to imply an obligation on the part of the President to give his consent to it. I am sure that if he does so, it will be an act of sacrifice upon his part, and such a sacrifice as it is both unwise and improper. If he shall do so, it will undoubtedly be under protest and—well, with a feeling of humiliation."

Bishop Morrill speaks with his accustomed frankness, candor and incisiveness, but it is noticeable that he assumes to speak only for himself. He really might not, only with a generous consideration he speaks of General Harrison and the peculiar pressure brought to bear upon him. The press has charged that the "Methodists" were greatly embarrassing the President-elect. There is nothing of this in fact, but the rather, if anything, would they make it easier for him to act wisely and heroically.

Although, as a denomination, Methodism has not expressed itself in this specific matter, yet as a church, in its discipline, dancing is prohibited as an amusement, and the use of music in connection with the celebration of the marriage of the church is restricted. The membership of the church are restricted in this particular for the reason so clearly and forcibly given. The Methodist minister or layman, therefore, who opposes the Inauguration Ball as baneful in its influence upon the public, is entirely consistent with his creed and church government. Indeed, it is the very genius of Methodism to strike at any evil either wrong in itself or in its influence upon the church, without regard to its association. The Apostle Paul was evidently of the same opinion in regard to morally doubtful or questionable practices and amusements, when he penned these words to the "Christians": "Abstain from all appearance of evil." And he marks, forever, the exalted principle of self-sacrifice and restraint, for the Christian, when he exclaims in a kindred text: "Wherefore, if meat make my brother offend, I will eat no meat while he lives, lest I make my brother offend."

Railroads.

There is much ignorance in the public mind at the present hour as to the causes of depression in railroad stock. As one-third of all the investments of the people generally in railroads, whatever depresses them depresses one in every three of the men and women who have saved and invested money. The Interstate Commerce Law is the first inquiry and the greatest. It is an interference, by third-rate politicians, with a business of which they have no adequate understanding, and over which they have no right to exercise internal control. The Interstate Commerce Law was one of the most blundering and ignorant pieces of legislation ever introduced. It has cost the country now some \$200,000,000, and will cost still more. It has robbed widows and orphans as well as capitalists. It has compelled men who were co-operating legitimately for the public benefit to cut each other's throats, to the glory of Mr. Cullom and his associates. Men who voted for this bill did not understand it. Even learned judges interpreted it in direct opposition to its intent. Yet it was being passed in its inchoate state, and had none its work so well that most of the railroads to the west of Chicago cannot handle Eastern freight without losing money. This insane war on railroads is the war of the people on its own property and to its own loss. It is to be hoped that the public will look at the question a little more intelligently, or in the near future a panic of dimensions as yet unequalled will sweep from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

PERSONALS.

The Impressive sermon of Rev. O. P. Gifford.

The sermon of Rev. O. P. Gifford, of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Hartford, on his first page, was specially requested for our columns because it listened to with much appreciation by one of our editorial staff. It is particularly commended to all our readers for prayerful study and heed.

The trustees of Mr. Union College have elected Miss Frances E. Willard a member of the board for three years, and also Mrs. Cornelius Aultman.

— Rev. D. A. Wharton, D. D., has an able and critical article in the January number of the *Sunday School Journal* on the subject of "Baptism." The following sentence is as significant as true: "Christian baptism was not instituted until after our Lord's resurrection. The mode of John's baptism was, therefore, no bearing on the question of the proper mode now."

— Bishop Goodsell writes most logically and brilliantly in the last number of the *Methodist Review* on "Character and Heredity." There

is only one criticism on his article—it is too short. It is so seldom we have opportunity to make this criticism, that we improve it.

The Inauguration Ball.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is receiving from the secular press no little unkindly criticism and ridicule in connection with the expected recurrence of what is known as the Inauguration Ball. It would be amusing to witness the confusion of fact and inference, and the spiteful effervescence, if the public were not thereby misinformed and prejudiced against the denomination. The public is given to understand that the Methodist Episcopal Church, in some representative and official way, has spoken its protest against that social event connected with the inauguration of the President-elect. It is declared, also, that the Bishops of the church have uttered their protest.

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over \$4,000.

Williamsburg.—The whole community grieves with Pastor Jones in great bereavement. On Tuesday, 1, his wife, after a short but severe illness, entered rest. The funeral occurred Friday afternoon. Presiding Elder Eaton officiated, and in a very touching and tender address sought to comfort the bereaved.

time he was transferred from the M Conference and stationed at the Trinity Church in Providence, R. I. He converted in very early life, had been a preacher nearly or quite sixty years, dying at the age of 88 years. God gave him a wonderful voice, which retained much of its sweetness and fullness in extreme old age. He was a man, and has entered upon his rest. We shall look with great interest

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	TIME.	BY.
N. Y. East		Apr'l 3	
Newark	Plainfield, N. J.	" 3	
New York		" 3	M.
No'th N. Y.	Lowville, N. Y.	" 10	
New England	Worcester, Mass.	" 10	M.
Troy	Burlington, Vt.	" 17	A.
N.E. South'n	Taunton, Mass.	" 18	
Vermont	Morrisville, Vt.	" 18	
Maine	Lewiston, Me.	" 24	
New Hamp's	Amesbury, Mass.	" 24	

16, 17	Newell, 11, 15, cv;	Sanford, 20, p m;
16, 18	Shapleigh & Acton, at	Hollis, 22, p m;
	A., 22, p m, 13, a m;	North Gorham, 26
SHOP.	West Newell, 18, p m;	27, a m;
Foster	Aifred, 19, ev, 20, a m;	Buxton, 27, p m, 28,
Merrill	South Sanford, 27, ev, 28, ev.	28, ev.
Allen	[Full list next week.]	
Ninde	Will the brethren here see that writtenen-	
Allen	are furnished at the quarterly conference	
Andrews	that all the collections are taken? Let at	
Hurst	make this the banner district of the Confer-	
Ninde	— W m s. S.	
Hurst		
Allen		
Allen		

[The Bucksport District appointments
 require additional space.]

We take this means to express our sincere
tude to our many friends in Row for their kind
memorance of us in valuable Christmas gifts
amount of \$35, mostly in cash. The house
lastly decorated with evergreen and roses, and
singling was of excellent quality. The speaking
mostly by the children, and was very fine; an
entertainment as a whole was highly apprecia-
a full house.

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The Family.

THE CALL TO PRAYER.

BY MARY E. B. THORNE.

A lull in the ceaseless tumult,
A pause in the weary mill,
In the useless selfish striving,
In the needless earnest toil,
A hush in the noisy clamor,
In the dizzy whirl and din;
A stop on the dusty pathway,
On the steps that go down to sin.

A moment's turning from pleasure,
A brief forgetting of pain,
Ere strong in the strength driver
We take up the cross again.
A moment to breathe—ah, grateful!
A draught of a purer air,
As into the upper regions
The spirit soars in prayer.

A moment for firmer clasping
The armor that guards the soul,
For closer binding the sandals
Ere pressing toward the goal.
For seeking a Guide unerring
O'er a path unknown and dim,
And a light by whose clear shining
We may safely follow Him.

And we wait for the Father's blessing,
The touch of His hand in peace,
Ere we go on our way rejoicing,
Attuned to heaven's harmonies.

HER SMILE HIS SUNLIGHT.

Sweetest, when thy smile I make
For your dear sake,
Into your face a smile,
To cheer me while I grieve.

Like to that bird in I,
Which, when the sky
At night
A deeper azure grows,
No longer knows
Delight;

Or like of flowers that one
Which looks the sun
And gives
The beauty of its bloom
To him for whom
It lives.

Pleasure nor joy to bless
Have I unless
Your face
Over my paper shines
And lights the lines
With grace.

For me your smile is day—
The golden ray
That climbs
Imagination's wall
And sweetens all
My rhymes.

For you the bird's song, this—
The flower's fresh kiss
And breath;
Nor may their night come
Till both are dumb
In death.

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN, in *The Century*.

THE BETTER WAY.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry, dear,
A proverb you'll grant me is true—
'Tis better to forget to be sad, dear,
The heartache is better than rue.

'Tis best to be glad for what is, dear,
Than to sigh for the things which are not.
'Tis braver to reckon the joys, dear,
Than the troubles that fall to your lot.

'Tis more to be good than to be great, dear,
To be happy is better than wise.
You'll find if you smile at the world, dear,
The world will smile back in your eyes.

—HELEN L. TOWN, in *Christian Register*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Sudden or slow, easy or hard, death advances as God sends it; nay, it is no longer death; it is Jesus who comes to fetch me. Provided that it be indeed He, and that I feel His presence, and confide my loved ones to His care, the rest matters little. Certainly it will be He.—*Cousin de Gasparin*.

Prayer is a closing of the eyes on things seen, and opening them on things unseen. It is penitence vouch, faith making its profession, and love kindling into a flame. It is a heart brought to the altar, a flower opening to the benignant eye of Heaven. It is a putting off the shoes at Horeb. It is a walk to Emmaus. It is to be present in the upper chamber; to sit quietly by the Saviour's side, lean the head on His bosom, and feel the beating of Immanuel's heart.—*A. C. Thompson*.

Take hold with God, in His steady work for lifting up the world; and you shall fairly forget that there are these grasshoppers and crickets screaming and chirping and asking questions around you, even if they aspire so far, in their wrangling disputations, as to doubt whether there be any world, be any heaven, be any God, or any life worth living. Let your vine blossom and bear fruit, let the fruit ripen and hang in fragrant and luscious branches heavy upon the bough, and you do not put the knife to the bark to see if the vine is alive. Nay, you do not argue with any one who asks you if it be worth it. There is a little vine in the life which enlarges, lives with all your might in the life of God, and you forget that any one has asked whether life is worth the living.—*E. E. Hale*.

The dial receives many shades, and each point to the sun. The shadows are many, the sunlight is one. And his love is unchanged, when it changes our lot. Looking up to this light which is common to all, and down to these shadows on each side that fall—In Time's silent march, how many a shadow has been cast! It is nothing to know that they never can meet! So far, but that light lies beyond them forever!—*Queen Meredith*.

They tell us that in Scotland is a battlefield on which the natives of the soil and the Saxons once met in terrible conflict. No monument marks the scene of the bloody fight. All over the field grows the beautiful Scotch heather except in one spot. There a little blue flower grows abundantly. No flowers like them are to be found for many a league around. Why are they there? The reason is this. Just in the spot where they grow the bodies of the slain were buried, and the earth was saturated with the blood and the remains of the unhappy victims. The seeds of these flowers were there before. As soon as the blue touched them, they sprang up. They developed. And every blue flower on Culloden's field, as it bends to the mountain breeze, is a memorial of the brave warriors who died that heathery sod with their crimson gore. So it is with character. The seeds of action lie deep beneath the surface—the seeds of heroism and the seeds of crime. Good and evil germs lie latent in the heart. For a lifetime they may remain unknown and unrecognized; perhaps never are developed in this lower world. The seeds of the blue flowers at Culloden would, probably, have lain there undisturbed, but for the fact that the trampling of the foot of man had trampled them forth.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.

Did you ever think how the light works always in peace? For what is the most potent thing in nature? Not the earthquake! Not the lightning! Not the thunderbolt!

Not the wind, with its vociferation and its noise! Light! All the forces of nature are borne of light and are carried earthward in the sunbeam. It is light that gives the wind its wings. It is light that gives the waterfalls its force. It is light that equips all machinery with its vast powers. It is light that is the element in you that makes you live. Wrap the world in eternal darkness, and it would be wrapped in eternal death and in eternal activity. But the light sounds no drum as it marches on its way; sends forth no clarion note of triumph or of defeat. The light marches noiselessly. Its sandals are of satin. No listening ear can catch the tread of its footstep. The wind howls against the sunbeam, and the sunbeam shines on undiverted by so much as the ten millionth fraction of an inch. The cloud puts itself athwart the sunbeam, and the sunbeam shines through the cloud with a diffused instead of a radiant light, or turns it into golden glory by its magnificent shining. There is nothing that can divert it; nothing that can thwart it; nothing that can disturb it. It moves upon its way in eternal quietness and calmness. The greatest tempest that ever rocks the earth is but a few feet in height as compared with the eternal silence and the eternal ethereal substance of light in which the globe moves around in its appointed orbit. And so we live in God, if we do but know it—God, who is a perpetual light and a perpetual peace. Oh, when anxiety plows into your heart, when perplexity entangles you, when troubles gather around you and upon you, think for a moment—for a moment! think for one half hour—of the eternal quietude and peace of your Father. Come into His presence, and from Him take peace.—*Lyman Abbott, D. D.*

BARBARA HECK.

"The Mother of American Methodism."

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

As every family ought to know all that is possible of its ancestry, so every religious denomination should acquaint itself with its founders and pioneer workers. We of the new world have been culpably careless respecting the former knowledge, and our acquaintance with our spiritual ancestry has been almost equally neglected. We hear the names of those who have toiled and died in the past, but they are like an echo which is lost amid the din of pressing every-day duties. It will do us good, then, to pause a moment to study the character of one who was, in God's hands, instrumental in starting a great organized force whose power is continually increasing.

As we have searched all available records for facts concerning Barbara Heck, we are forcibly reminded of the terse yet striking delineations of Scriptural characters. Miriam glances at us once from the rushes of the Nile, and we see her no more until she strikes her timbrel and leads the women of Israel in songs of praise. Deborah, the prophetess, who "dwelt under the palm tree," appears at a time of discouragement and danger, inspires the leaders of Israel's host, sets a decisive victory won, and joins with Barak in a grand climax of thanksgiving, and vanishes from the sacred page. But we have always felt that we understood Miriam and Deborah. Not voluminous data, but a record of single decisive acts at critical moments reveals to us the individuality of heroes and heroines, ancient and modern. Hence, in spite of imperfect and scanty records, we have gleaned enough to show very clearly the character of her who was the

Deborah of our Early Methodism.

Barbara Heck was one of a colony of Germans from the Palatinate who settled in the west of Ireland many years ago. John Wesley labored much in that island, was often in Ballinacorney, the home of the Hecks, and also of Philip Embury, and when the Methodist classes were formed, these Germans were converted and became members of them. Mr. Embury was made a "local preacher." In 1765 he, with others from that vicinity, came to America, settling in New York. Barbara Heck arrived the year following; and, being an ardent Christian, she was surprised and grieved to find that many of those whom she had known as devout Methodists in Ireland, were already growing careless of all religious duties. They were "strangers in a strange land," gradually yielding to the allurements of sin, so prevalent at that time.

One evening, finding several of her friends playing cards, she "went in among them, threw the cards into the fire, and exhorted them to return to God." She seems to have been absolutely ignorant of the modern plea for cards as a "harmless amusement." From the card-players she turned to Philip Embury, and "falling prostrate before him," she exclaimed: "Brother Embury, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands." Startled, but not wholly convinced, willing but much perplexed, he replied: "How can I preach, for I have neither house nor congregation?" With a decision which took no note of obstacles, she said: "Preach in your own house and to our own company first." Surely, the path of duty was never made more plain, and this man, who, according to highest authority, never joined in the "sinful diversions of his backslidden neighbors," agreed to preach, while she was to "collect a congregation." Six persons responded to her invitation. A service was held in Philip Embury's house, and before separating, these newly-arrived Christians formed themselves into a "class"—the first tiny "slip" of Methodism planted in the soil of this great American continent. Blessed Barbara Heck, whose hand did that work for God and humanity!

This was in 1766. The class rapidly increased in membership, and they soon rented a larger room, which in due time was itself too small for the congregation. During this period "Captain Webb," a valiant English soldier, disciple of the Lord Jesus, and zealous Methodist, joined their ranks, and added greatly to their strength. They were obliged to move again, and found in a "rigging loft" on "Horse-and-Cart Street," now William Street, their next meeting place. While here, Captain Webb began to see the necessity of a permanent house of worship; but Barbara Heck had foreseen it from the beginning. She seemed to possess prophetic vision in spiritual matters, and yet her wisdom was based on the practical result of a life of faith. She said she "had made the enterprise a matter of prayer, and looked to the Lord for direction, and had received with inexpressible sweetness and power this answer: 'I, the Lord, will do it.' Still further: 'A plan for building was presented to her mind.' This plan was revealed to the society, was adopted, and as a result the

First Methodist Preaching-house.

In the new world, the "Wesley," or, as it is

better known, "John Street" chapel, was reared, "according to the pattern shown" to a woman. This fact proves to us that Barbara Heck was highly esteemed by the little flock whose spiritual mother she was, and that her inspired common-sense was equal to all emergencies. Philip Embury, who was a skillful carpenter, helped build the chapel, constructed the pulpit with his own hands, occupied it, and preached from it the sermon of dedication on the 30th of October, 1768. We do not find that Mrs. Heck took any part in the public exercises, but in her heart we imagine there was a dedicatory service quite as eloquent and beautiful as that in which the people joined. Did the Lord give his handmaid a glimpse of the future, when her beloved church should be "as the stars of heaven," while she sat in the unfurnished John Street chapel on that memorable occasion? We cannot know; but there must have been enough without vision or revelation to fill her heart with inexpressible gratitude. The results of her decision and zeal for Christ were reward sufficient for a lifetime of devotion.

But Barbara Heck saw more than material prosperity, which alone would not have satisfied those primitive souls, in the new "preaching-house." It became a place of great spiritual power, and scores of souls were converted. "Within two years from its consecration, we have reports of at least a thousand hearers crowding it, and the area in its front." Linking the present moment with those days one hundred and twenty years ago, we see again a spiritual harvest of marvelous magnitude being gathered upon this very spot where Barbara Heck wept and prayed, and Philip Embury preached!

Returning to our subject, we are drawn to inquire more particularly as to

Barbara Heck's Personality.

We have seen her heroism, her decision, her wisdom as a Christian; and we are glad to note in addition that she "trained up her children aright." Her two sons, Paul and John, were early converted to God, and identified themselves with the Methodists.

It is also related of Paul Heck "that when quite a lad, his mother used to lead him by the hand to meeting, and the first exhortation he ever called his own he put into the plate which was carried round to receive the contributions of the people, and felt in doing so an inexpressible pleasure." We all attention to this item because it requires healthful influences as well as generous impulses to cause a child to give with "inexpressible pleasure;" and the mother who can awaken within her children a yearning desire to offer the sweet incense of self-sacrifice, leaves to the church a richer legacy than bonds and bank stock.

But it is not quite enough to know that this excellent woman was faithful to her home duties. We have a strong curiosity to see the face of one whose character we so admire; and, opening the "Cyclopaedia of Methodism," we find there what we seek. Yes, we are quite satisfied to accept this sweet, strong countenance, looking out from its "straight bonnet with huge supercilious crown," as that of our heroine. We cannot find again in history concerning this picture, but we do not care to doubt its authenticity. Nor will we spend a moment discussing the place of Barbara Heck's burial. There has been quite a controversy over this subject, some claiming that she removed to Canada late in life, died there, and was there buried. But Rev. J. B. Wakeley states, with apparently incontrovertible proof, that: "She died in the triumphs of our holy religion, and was buried in Trinity church-yard in New York." Her resting place may be unknown, but so was that of Moses. No marble shaft could do to the purity of her character, or the priceless value of the work she accomplished for American Methodism. Her name and memory, however, are not ignored, and we find in "Heck Hall," erected by the "Garrett Biblical Institute," itself founded by a devoted Christian woman, a fitting memorial of her work and worth. But of all "memorials" the best should be found in us, her "daughters in the faith." It is our privilege to perpetuate her disinterested zeal, her courage, fidelity and persistence; serving the church which she planted so faithfully that we may see its loyal welcoming to higher duties and responsibilities those who follow in the luminous footsteps of Barbara Heck.

Our Girls.

A HOME-LY GIRL.

"WHAT a home-ly face!" said a lady to her companion, as an ugly girl stepped into the street car, and took a seat opposite.

The person addressed was a beautiful old lady with white hair. She glanced at the new comer, and saw with pain that the thoughtless criticism had reached her ears and wounded her.

"I think," then answered the old lady, "that she looks like a home-ly girl in that sweet, old-time sense, of a girl who could make a home."

The face across the aisle brightened so responsively that it almost ceased to be ugly, and when the first speaker left the car, the girl, after an instant's hesitation, took the vacant seat by the old lady.

"I wish I knew," she said impulsively, "just what you meant by a girl's making a home; it seems to me that girls find homes ready made for them."

"But not completely made," said the sweet old voice. "There is always need of girl help, I think, in a home; sometimes the need is for baking and brewing, but there is no such need, I fancy, in your home?"

She was looking at the unostentatious but rich dress.

"No," said the girl simply.

"Some other thing?" continued the old lady, "a great many times, a girl's work is to bring all the members of a family together, and thoroughly interest them in one another."

The bow drawn at a venture was aimed by that blessed Providence who knows when sparrows fall, and went straight to the mark. "Thank you," said the young girl. "This is my place to go off; good-bye."

She brought the yards of ribbon she had come for, in an absent-minded way, and started home.

"I will walk," she said to herself. "I can think better."

Acquaintances bowed to her unnoticed, as with lifted head and far-seeing eyes she moved briskly up the crowded way.

"What's the matter with Emily Vane?" said one merry girl to another.

"Oh, she's on some high horse or other," laughed the girl. "She is away out of sight of us earthly mortals."

And indeed Emily's young heart was overflowing with enthusiastic resolves. How

strange it was for that old lady to pick out the very thing I ought to have been doing all this time," she said to herself; and memory pictured before her all the years that she and her home folks had occupied their luxurious house, each one living to himself, and having no real home community of plans and interests.

Emily left square after square behind her rapid feet, all the time planning to do thus and so, with the confidence of youth, nay, with the over-confidence of one who says, "To-morrow I will go into such and such a city, and buy and sell and get gain," when suddenly a bit of slippery pavement brought her down with a sharp cry.

It was quite a serious accident, one of the small bones of the ankle being fractured, and poor Emily suffered intolerably while kind strangers carried her into the nearest apothecary's. A surgeon was at hand, and by the time the hurt ankle was properly set and bandaged, Mr. Vane had answered the telephone call in a carriage.

All through the trying time, though "the rack of the flesh was sore," Emily was passionately regretting her married plan.

"I can't begin to be a home-ly girl," she moaned to herself. "Oh, how hard to bear!" But on the third day of her imprisonment to the couch, Emily's eyes were suddenly opened.

"Why, it's the very thing!" she said. "I couldn't have managed it better if I had done it on purpose."

"What will you think of me, little sister, if I say I am almost sorry that you are getting well?"

"I think I could find something sweet in that speech," Emily replied, looking up at big brother John from her couch.

But the couch was down stairs now, and she was even beginning to walk a little on Grandfather Vane's stick. Decidedly she was getting well.

"Yes," answered John, "somehow this has seemed more like home since we've had you back here. We're so glad you're getting acquainted with one another."

"We were always ready to die for one another," laughed Ned from the other end of the room. "But somehow we never understood fraternal relations. Did you do it on purpose?"

"What, break my ankle?" she asked, archly.

"No; shake us all up together this way?" Then she told him the story of the old lady in the street car.

"You know," Emily confessed, "I don't think a man can understand what a hard lot it is for a woman to be without any of those personal charms that make a woman loved. But that dear old lady drew out the sting when she told me what compensation might be in store for a 'home-ly girl.'"

"God bless our home-ly girl!" said the father, who had come in unperceived.

"Tell us your old lady's name, sis," cried John. "I'll go and take her a posy for her happy wedding."

"You can't do that," said Emily, smiling. "I never saw her before, and don't know who she is. Perhaps she will have to wait till we all get to the blessed home, for the grateful thanks of the 'home-ly girl.'"—ELIZABETH F. ALLAN, in *Congregationalist*.

DON'T.

BROTHER, you are just about to send us a bit of original poetry. Suffer a word of advice: Don't! There are not sixty good poets in these United States, which is less than one for every one million of the inhabitants. Don't you see that the chances are too many against you? It is probable that your poetry is only prose run mad. We are writing this as much for our own protection as for yours, because neither of the editors of the *Herald* is sure of good poetry when he sees it. Of course we both enjoy good poetry, and read none other. We know what is good, because we know what the world has pronounced as such. You can easily imagine our embarrassment when a piece of original poetry comes into our sanctum. We at once say: "A million chances to one this is not good poetry;" and we are afraid to decide, lest it should appear how utterly lacking in poetic taste we are. So for our own sakes, and for yours also, we again say, Don't!—*Methodist Herald*.

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Miss Blanche Willis Howard, of Maine, is not only a novelist, but an inventor as well. She has just patented a music rack and a bath shoe.

—A new role for women in London city is that of serving writs. A pretty young woman there is said to find doors open to her, which to nearly every other sheriff's officer are shut fast.

—Miss Sally Pratt McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," has written a new book called "Last-chance Junction." Miss McLean's "Cape Cod Folks" has reached its twenty-third edition.

—Mary K. Longfellow, of Portland, Me., a niece of the poet, is attracting notice as a painter of picturesque harbor views, made in light water-colors. She has spent several years of study on her specialty.

—The women of Malta gave to the Queen for a jubilee present a skirt or train of the finest Maltese lace, eighteen feet long, with profuse flouncing and trimming. The Queen is much pleased with it and will wear it at her first drawing-room next season.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Many years ago, in walking among the graves of Mt. Auburn, I came upon a plain, upright white marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored descriptions on the surrounding monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' This was all, and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew and asked nothing more."

—A woman seventy years old has just taken out a patent for a sewing-machine needle that does not need threading. There is a beveled slot in one side of the eye through which the needle slips. It seems very simple, and all who have seen it wonder why nobody thought of it before.

—An unmarried woman and a successful farmer in Vineland, who emigrated from Massachusetts some years ago, is spoken of by a neighbor as "an intelligent, well-read woman," who can "plow, rake and dig potatoes, bake bread or play the piano."

—Soldiers' wives, daughters, widows, and orphans have reason to bless that auxiliary organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Woman's Relief Corps. During the past year \$80,000 has been used by its numerous societies in carrying on their work of making homes for the helpless, caring for the sick, and assisting others to earn an independent living. The president of the Relief Corps is Mrs. Charity Rusk Rusk, the daughter of Gov. Rusk, of Wisconsin.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

—Little Bessie dropped an awful of playthings. "Did you break anything?" asked the mother.

"Nothing but the quies," she replied, "and that's mended already."

—Bobby had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father has got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, Bobby," replied the minister, "and what will be the name of the dentist?"

"What'll you call 'em down and make me wear 'em?"

—Master of the House (slapping his clothes vigorously): "Bridget, why don't you cut my study chair?"

"Bridget," she said, "Oh, I know you would be sick to death of it in plenty, and I thought it

—"Longevity! I should say longevity did run in the family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six foot two, Bill was six foot four, and George, he had more longevity than any man I ever see. He was six foot seven, if he was a foot."

—In a shy, embarrassed way he began: "Would you, Miss Clara—or—er—could you—or, that is to say—Er—this is really distressing, it is all so new to me—er—I was going to remark, Miss Clara—" "Oh, don't be embarrassed, Mr. Quist," said the girl, with modest encouragement; "pray go on and—"

"Would you," he blurted out, "be good enough to lend me a nickel to get back home with?"

—Little Dot: "Our minister prays over so much longer than you does." "Little Bub: 'I don't care if he does. Our minister jumps the highest when he preaches, so there now.'"

—Wife (at breakfast table): "George, dear, why do all the defunct bank cashiers from the far West go to Canada?" Husband (who is emigrating professor of geography): "Because, my dear, though there is less longitude there, they have more latitude."

—A pastor in Ohio once desired to show to the children of his Sunday-school the evil of sin, and took occasion to illustrate it by reference to the cholera scourge, which at that time was epidemic in the country. After a glowing description of the ravages of the epidemic, he turned to the children and said: "Children, there is a worse disease which is now in our midst. Many children are suffering from it now. Can any little boy or girl tell me what it is?"

One boy held up his hand. Pastor: "Now, my son, tell me what it is." Boy: "The mumps."

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have written a poem," she began. "Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate, but she wouldn't annihilate worth a cent, and resumed: "I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—"

"Oh!" interrupted the editor with extraordinary savagery, "you don't know how relieved I feel. A poem written on a barn's barn, eh? It was afraid it was written on a paper and that you wanted me to publish it. If it should ever happen to drive past your father's barn, I'll stop and read the poem. Good afternoon, miss."

—Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

—If we measure distance by time, we are not far from home.—*Spurgeon*.

—His own medicine and balsam for the wounds and fever-blasts of life: "Be still and know that I am God."—*J. R. Macduff, D. D.*

—Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. A wavering, vacillating, dead-and-alive Christian does not get the respect of the church or the world.—*John Hall*.

Faith lifts her telescope on high, And brings the heavenly glories nigh.

Hope trims her taper with a prayer That she may find an entrance there.

Love stoops to earth in service sweet, And foremost treads the golden street.

The best remedy for our discontent, is to count up our mercies. By the time we have reckoned up a list of these, we shall be on our knees praising the Lord for His great mercy and love.—*The Quaker*.

—The rest of Christ is not that of the torpor, but that of harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in it.—*F. W. Robertson*.

—Read the Bible when you are fresh and wide awake; when the brain is clear and you are not pressed for time. Read it as the only book on earth that has dropped down from heaven, as your directory for life and your guide to immortality, and it will become your new book to you altogether.—*Rev. J. Thain Davidson*.

—Cling fast to the Hand which is leading you. Though it be in darkness, though it be in deep waters, you know whom you have believed. Infinite love, joined to infinite skill, shall pilot the way through every strait and trial.—*Alexander*.

We are not here for holidays; our lives are not for dreaming. While toiling hands and busy hands are laboring around us, men are stirring, wheels are whirling, fires gleaming, vessels steaming.

There is work on land and ocean and in regions underground. And full often, as I ponder o'er some lofty pile of springs.

On triumphant deeds accomplished, on some mighty victory won, I find that in my ears a chime of thought has been sent ringing.

"All great works are made up of little works well done."

I do think that the way of duty is sometimes a very hard one. And when so many people are disappointed in the world, when we read of so many lives falling short of their ideal, O surely it is better to give up thinking of life as giving pleasure, and only make up our minds to bear and do what is right.—*Bessie and Rice*, in "With Harp and Crown."

The Little Folks.

SURPRISED.

BY MRS. FANNIE E. TILTON.

A little boy with tooting golden curls And eyes of brown, Had always lived amid the busy whirl Of Boston town.

Unknown to him was robin's cheery song, Or bobolink's; He never saw the modest violets Or meadow pinks.

A lady came one happy autumn day Into his home, She took him riding many miles away From his home.

He saw the trees in all their gay attire, Scarlet and gold; He saw the apples hanging on the trees, Not bought nor sold;

He saw the pumpkins lying on the ground— Eyes opened wide— "Oh, see the great big oranges!" He wondered cried.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

THIS must be a sermon, because it has a text: "I Keep my Body Under."

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER, LESSON III.

Sunday, January 20.

Mark 1: 35-45.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. M.

HEALING OF THE LEPER.

I. The Lesson Introduced.

1. HOLDERS TEXT: "As soon as he had spoken immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed" (Mark 1: 42).

2. DATE, A. D. 28.

3. PLACE: Capernaum, and its vicinity.

HOME READINGS.

Monday. Healing the leper, Mark 1: 35-45.
Tuesday. Nazareth healed, 2 Kings 5: 1-14.
Wednesday. The ten lepers, Luke 17: 11-19.
Thursday. The leprosy, Lev. 13: 1-13.
Friday. The testimony of miracles, Matt. 11: 1-5.

Saturday. Cleansing from sin, 1 John 1: 5-10.
Sunday. Prayer for soul cleansing, Psalm 51: 1-13.

II. The Lesson Story.

Early in the morning after the events of our last lesson, Jesus rose, and passing quietly out of the house (probably Peter's) while all were sleeping, sought a place of solitude among the hills near Capernaum. Here He "prayed." But His seclusion was soon disturbed. Peter and the others awoke, and not finding Him, began to search for Him, followed by an eager throng of the townspeople full of curiosity and enthusiasm. But when they discovered His retreat, Peter pleaded in vain for His return. Other towns besides Capernaum waited for His ministry, and other duties more important than healing summoned Him. Attended by the four, He started upon His first missionary circuit of populous Galilee.

In one of its cities a leper came to Him one day—a loathsome, pitiable spectacle—not standing afar off as he was required to do, but pressing to His presence and falling beseechingly at His feet. His plea was a brief one—an expression of faith in our Lord's power to heal, and an appeal to His compassion or willingness: "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."

The challenge was instantly met. The sufferer received even more than he asked. The Saviour put forth His hand and touched him, leper though he was—a holy, sympathetic, potent touch; for, with the words, "I will; be thou clean," virtue went out of Him, and the man rose to his feet, no longer leprous, but sound and clean. To save himself from inconvenient notoriety, Jesus charged the man to be silent about his cure, and simply obey the Mosaic regulation of showing himself to the priests for re-admission to social and religious privileges. But the man could not keep the miracle of his healing to himself. He told the story everywhere, and so great was the excitement that followed it and so dense the crowds that sought the Great Physician, that Jesus was compelled to retire to the wilderness, where He spent His enforced seclusion in prayer.

III. The Lesson Explained.

13. In the morning—the next after the exhausting and eventful Sabbath, concerning which we studied last Sunday. A great while before day—"when it was day" (Luke), or, literally, "it becoming day." Says Schaef: "Both refer to the same point of time, the dawn of day. Between this and the parallel passage in Luke there is a great difference in words, though not in matter. The latter, place—a retired spot, up among the hills, probably back from the town. There prayed—communed with the Father. He had no time to confess, no forgiveness to ask. Note the time and place of Christ's prayers—the early morning and solitude. Whether He needed such retirement or not, His example can profitably be followed. To Him it was a privilege, a refreshment of spirit, to go apart and be alone with God, and those who follow His steps in this regard will soon find the value and preciousness of secret devotion."

14. Followed after Him.—He was followed in the morning by Simon and the other disciples, who eagerly pursued Him, and, after awhile, found Him. And when, says R. V., "And they found Him, and say unto Him, 'All men seek thee' (R. V., 'all are seeking thee')—Peter's excuse for intruding upon His privacy. According to Luke's account (4: 42) the people of the place joined with the disciples in their search for the missing Prophet. "They even wished to detain Him among them by gentle force" (Parker).

15. Unto them.—Peter and the disciples. Let us go up into the next town (R. V., "let us go no elsewhere into the next towns").—Luke gives his reply to the pleading multitude: "I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also." His blessings were not to be confined to Capernaum. The word translated "cities" is found only here, and means "village-cities" (unwalled towns), or, according to Lightfoot, villages large enough to maintain a synagogue. That may preach.—This was the central purpose, not miracle-working. The miracles simply confirmed the truth of the truth preached, and showed His compassion. Therefore—R. V., "to this end." Come I forth—from the Father (John 16: 28); in Luke, "therefore am I sent." He is the "Apostle [the sent forth] of our profession."

16. Throughout all Galilee.—Mark's brief summary of our Lord's first circuit of Galilee, including "the many villages and towns of the plain of Esdræon and the whole of the Galilee country north of it, almost to Lebanon" (Gaillet). There were 240 Galilean towns and villages, according to Josephus. Out of these, the highest proof of power in the eyes of the multitude, and including lesser works. He preached the kingdom of God and overcame the kingdom of evil by casting out devils.

17. There came (R. V., "cometh")—during His tour of Galilee. A leper—"full of leprosy" (Luke); an aggravated case of a terrible disease, incurable, hereditary, infectious through not strictly contagious, pitiable and loathsome. It was viewed by the law as "the parable of death, the most striking emblem of inward sin, the essence and type of all uncleanness." It exists to-day in various parts of the world. About one-tenth of the

population of the Sandwich Islands, it is claimed, are lepers, and an island is set apart for their exclusive care and habitation. *Beheading him, and kneeling down*—"fell on his face" (Luke); "worshiped him" (Matt.). The story of the cure of this leper is narrated with but slight variations by the first three Evangelists. It was probably the first case of leprosy-healing by our Lord. In all the three narratives the leper sought out Jesus, and prostrated himself by kneeling, or some other act of homage, "not, however, necessarily religious worship" (Schaef). *If thou wilt*—The man seemingly had no doubt of Jesus' power to cure what was incurable; he begged everything on His willingness. Great, indeed, was His faith. *Make me clean*—The sense of uncleanness—of outer and inner foulness—appeared to be uppermost in the Jewish conception of this disease.

Leprosy signifies "separation," because supposed to be a direct visitation of heaven. In its worst form, leprosy is the most terrible of diseases. It began with little specks upon the eyelids, and on the palms of the hands, and gradually spread over different parts of the body, bleaching the hair white wherever it showed itself, crusting the affected parts with shining scales, and causing swellings and sores. From the skin it slowly ate its way through the tissues to the bones and joints, and even to the marrow, rotting the whole body piecemeal. The lungs, the organs of speech and hearing, and the eyes, were attacked in turn, till, at last, consumption or dropsy brought welcome relief. The dread of infection kept men aloof from the sufferer, and he was shunned as a vile, alien, unclean. The disease was hereditary to the fourth generation. No one thought he could remain in a village town, though he might live in a village. There were different varieties of leprosy, but all were dreaded as the saddest calamity of life. "These are counted as dead," says the Talmud: "the blind, the leper, the poor, and the childless" (Gaillet).

41, 42. Moved with compassion.—Only Mark gives the tender touch. Put (R. V., "stretched") forth his hand. . . touched him.—a healing, sinless touch. Jesus was not defiled, and the leper was cleansed instantly and completely. He did not need to touch him. Says Farrar: "It was a glorious violation of the law of the leprosy, which attached ceremonial pollution to a leper's touch, but at the same time it was a glorious illustration of the spirit of the law, which was that mercy was better than sacrifice. It was even this. He touched our sinful human nature, and yet remained without spot of sin." *I will; be thou clean* (R. V., "made clean")—Jesus did not pray to God for the cleansing of this man, as the holiest of human instruments had done (Nab. 12: 13), but with an assertion and exercise of power befitting the divine prerogatives which He possessed. He spoke, and it was done. The answer corresponded exactly with the sufferer's faith. The holy touch, the divine word, and the cleansing were simultaneous. The man, at one moment, a leper of the worst type, was the next moment as clean as though he had never known disease. Says Dan Howson: "What our own language gives here so forcibly in five words, is given by the original Greek in two, which probably could not with equal force be rendered into any modern language. 'As soon as he had spoken, etc.'—in R. V., 'and straightway the leprosy departed from him and he was made clean.'"

Spiritual Leprosy—what we must do: 1. We must see Jesus, inquire after Him, acquaint ourselves with Him, and reckon the discoveries made as of Christ by the Gospel the most acceptable and welcome discoveries that could be made. 2. We must humble ourselves before Him, as this leper, on seeing Christ, "fell on his face"; we must be ashamed of our pollution, and, in the sense of it, blush to lift up our faces before the holy Jesus. 3. We must earnestly desire to be cleansed from the defilement, and cured of the disease of sin, which renders us unfit for communion with God. 4. We must firmly believe in Christ's ability and willingness to cleanse us. "Lord, Thou canst make me clean, though I be full of leprosy." No doubt is to be made of the merit and grace of Christ. 5. We must be importunate in prayer for pardoning mercy and renewal of our hearts. 6. We must firmly believe in Christ's ability and willingness to cleanse us. "Lord, Thou canst make me clean, though I be full of leprosy." No doubt is to be made of the merit and grace of Christ. 5. We must be importunate in prayer for pardoning mercy and renewal of our hearts. 6. We must firmly believe in Christ's ability and willingness to cleanse us.

43, 44. Straitly (R. V., "strictly") charged him.—laid upon him a stern command. *Forthwith sent him away* (R. V., "immediately sent him away").—He dismissed him from His presence. The man was, presumably, a demonstrative, excitable subject, and needed a stern command. *Say nothing*—Many reasons have been given for this injunction of silence. Some suppose it was only temporary, until the healed man had gone to the priests, "lest the priests, hearing of it beforehand, should deny that he had really been cleansed" (Beng); others, that He might guard the mystery of the happy effects of His ministry in His own case; others still, that Jesus himself might escape the interruptions to His work which would be caused by the popular excitement that would follow the publishing of this astonishing cure. *Show thyself to the priest*—at Jerusalem, who might see for himself that the cure was genuine and complete, and restore the man to his social and religious privileges. *For a testimony unto them*—a proof to the priests of the validity of the cure, according to some; according to others, a proof to the people. For the sacrifices and ceremonies of purification, see Leviticus 14.

The Saviour's fame as an exorcist and healer had already got wind enough, and more than enough. It was in danger of blowing into a perfect hurricane of popularity. A check was therefore needed. Very likely the people would begin to weary waiting for the time of events. They would seek to prolong the time. Was not this the long looked-for Deliverer? He is not the true Messiah! Should we not have Him instantly enthroned? (John 6: 15). If we had Him about us, we would have Him at all times to rights in the nation, and in other nations, too! The sooner, surely the better! (Morison).

45. Began to publish it—thereby disobeying the command laid upon him. There is nothing said about his going to the priest. *Abroad*—R. V., "spread abroad." Could no more—not a physical but a moral inability. Farrar, following Lange, conjectures that the ceremonial uncleanness contracted by Jesus in touching the leper, kept Him in the desert, "in a sort of Levitical quarantine." The crowds, however, did not so understand it. They sought Him in His retirement. The (R. V., "city") city. His very presence was a signal for a crowd to gather. "One seen now how wise it was to tell the leper to hold his tongue" (Morison). Note the unhappy results of injudicious laud. There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent.

IV. The Lesson Applied.

1. There is no tonic like prayer. He who rises early to commune with God, will throughout the day "mount up as an eagle's wings, run and not be weary, walk and not faint."

2. Neither popular applause nor the solicitation of friends could deflect Jesus from His chosen path.

3. No matter how great our need, we should approach the mercy seat fervently.

4. There is no defilement within, no matter how deep and disgusting, which Jesus is not able and willing to remove. Though the whole head be sick and the whole heart faint, He can speak the healing word.

5. There is a kind of seal which hinders the good work. Testimony and blarney ought not to be confounded.

Obituaries.

(Obituaries are heretofore restricted to the space of 200 words in the case of preachers to 400 words. Notices that exceed this limit, will be returned to their writers for revision.)

High.—Rev. William C. High is dead and at rest. His was a life beginning in a touching romance, and ending in a sad tragedy of personal suffering; yet within these two points lay a space filled by thirty years of ministerial activity and successful labor.

He was born in Watfield, Vermont, on March 30, 1832. His mother died at his birth, or soon after, leaving his bereaved father with two little daughters of about six and eight years, and this infant son. A warm-hearted neighbor living some ten miles away offered to take the motherless child and adopt it. The father sadly his horse, took the infant in his arms, and leaving the bereaved father alone with their tears, he took the child (ten weeks old) to his foster-mother, and saw it no more. The father shortly sold his farm and moved to Ohio.

An interesting fact is that this kind-hearted foster-mother who took this motherless waif to her bosom and nursed him into his manhood, was afterwards taken by him to the shelter of his own roof, and lovingly cared for him as he grew to manhood.

At the child came to conscious life he naturally supposed himself to be the child of his foster-parents. But by and by the whisper reached him that he was not their son. In giving this story verbally some years ago, I do not recollect at what period in his life he began the search for his parental history, but he successfully traced it. He was born in New England, and in 1851 he joined the New England Conference in the same class with Bishop Gilbert Haven, Dr. George Steele and Fales H. Newhall, and was appointed to Danvers in 1851-52; Melrose, '53; Northampton, '54-55; Greenfield, '56; Ipswich, '57-58; Boston, Hanover St., '59-60; Medford, '61-62; Lynn, St. Paul's, '63; Gloucester, Kim St., '64-65; Lowell, Central, '66-67; Boston, Meridian St., '70-72; Somerville, 73-75; Springfield, Florence St., '76-77; Somerville, Sycamore St., '78-79; Arlington, '80. Here he was attacked by nervous prostration, from which he never rallied; but after eight years of suffering died, Nov. 22, 1888.

In looking over the above list of his fields of labor for thirty years, one is impressed with the fact that he was an able and successful pastor. His style of preaching was always attractive, while his pastoral visits were pleasing and profitable. His ambition and aim were ever to leave his charge, if possible, in an advanced position. His last great enterprise was the erection and opening of the fine church at Union Square, Somerville, in sight of which he had last closed his mortal vision.

It has been said often that our departed brother was "eccentric." Yes, that is true of him; and that, moreover, as ever in such cases, the secret of his rare power. Evidently, everything is eccentric that is out from the center, that does not run in a circle, or follows a track beaten by others. He was deviating from fixed methods and established forms, leaving the special lines laid down by former workers who were felt and noted in their day, and who still, "though dead, yet speak," were eccentric. When Luther nailed his theses, which started a sleeping world, to the door of the church, and he was called "out of order," he was eccentric. When John Wesley took to preaching Christ crucified, in the fields and highways, he departed from the "established order"; he "jumped the track" and struck out his own chosen course—he was eccentric. Yes, "Brother High was eccentric." He was a man of remarkable aptness, if such a term be allowable. With wit, humor, and rare powers of sarcasm, he was always prepared for an emergency, and ready to meet an opponent in spirit and temper genial, sympathetic, and tender-hearted. A warm lover of the church, he labored faithfully for her interests, and was no bigot. He was a highly nervous organization; he was not jealous, but extremely sensitive. I recall his last official act in his Conference. He was chairman of the committee on the State of the Church, and wrote the report. It was sharp, and freely critical of some of the things of which he disapproved, but which would be most appropriate for a board or church meeting, than to be spread before the public; and it was returned to the committee for revision. It stung him to the quick. If it was an error, it was of the head, not of the heart. Perhaps even then, though unseen, the dark wing of evil overshadowed him under whose baleful influence he so soon went down.

Our brother was twice married, his first wife dying in January, 1853, when he so greatly stood in need of her care; and the last is left in her widowhood, and by him received into the faith she took up the burden of care which was borne so patiently by her predecessor.

Of the three children of our brother, two are dead, one of whom was to have been married to Rev. N. G. Cheney of the New York East Conference in a few months; and we may say, it was through the influence of Brother High that this prospective son-in-law entered the Christian ministry. His only surviving daughter married, and cared for her suffering father until his second marriage. Our departed brother suffered greatly for years, but bore all with Christian patience and fortitude, and peacefully passed to his rest and reward.

MARK TRAXTON.

Webb.—Josiah Webb was born in Skowhegan, Me., Sept. 19, 1811, and died in Milton, Mass., Oct. 11, 1888.

Brother Webb was converted when about eighteen years old, and united with the Baptist Church in the place where he lived. On coming to Dorchester he attended the Methodist church, where he heard preached for the first time the "doctrine of free grace." So deep was the impression made by this teaching, that he determined to identify himself at once with the then struggling society. This determination led to the happiest result both to the church and to himself as well. Called to nearly every official position to which he was eligible, he faithfully served the church of his choice. For over sixteen years he acted as president of the board of trustees, and to his wise and generous planning, more perhaps than to any other single member of the church, the society is indebted for its present large and beautiful edifice.

Modest and retiring in his spirit, seeking at no time pre-eminence among his brethren, but accepting with true appreciation any honor that was conferred upon him; firm and decided in his convictions of what was right and bold in expressing them; considerate always of the welfare of others, particularly of the

poor and the bereaved; a man of strong and abiding affections—illustrating most happily the words of Scripture: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly"—our brother has left a permanent impression for good in the community where he lived so long. His large business success was not fortuitous, but was the result of patient and indefatigable energy combined with honest and upright purpose.

Never demonstrative in the expression of his religious feelings, he was yet a firm believer in the great truths of religion, especially as they are set forth in the formulas of the church with which he was connected. During his last illness he enjoyed remarkable peace, and it was a benediction to visit his sick chamber. With no ecstatic emotion, but with an unshaken trust, he entered the valley and shadow of death.

Brother Webb was married April 24, 1835, to Miss Hetty Crowell, with whom he lived in fullest harmony for over fifty years, and who survives him in full hope of a glorious reunion. His home was the abode of peace, and many are they who will remember its warm and generous hospitality. Of the six children who were born into this home, two only, a son and daughter, survive—J. Sumner Webb and Mrs. A. B. Clum, of whom no higher praise can be said than that they follow in his steps.

A simple and impressive funeral service was held at his late residence, followed by a public and crowded memorial service in the church of which he was so long a member. At the latter a fitting eulogy to his life and character was paid by Rev. C. S. Rogers, D. D., a cherished friend of the family, and twice honored the relation of pastor during Brother Webb's membership.

To the large and repeated benefactions to the Dorchester M. E. Church, extending over many years, there is added, in the shape of a legacy, a permanent provision for the repairs of the church edifice. R. F. H.

Dorchester, Mass.

Snow.—Mrs. Asenath T. Snow was called home to heaven by the good Father above, Sept. 19, 1888. Had she lived some four or five weeks longer, she would have been full fourscore years of age. She was, for more than half a century, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at the time of her death one of the most venerated and loved of the members of St. John's Church in Dover, N. H. Since the decease of her husband, some fifteen years ago, she has resided most of the time with her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Carrier, of this city. She was remarkable for her earnest and cheerful piety, so full of the sanctifying of love and hope. A local paper published in the place of her old home—Clinton, Maine, whether her mortal dust was borne for burial—says: "She was active in every good word and work, and was now mourned as a devoted mother and sincere Christian. She was gifted in prayer and testimony, and her earnest appeals, given in religious meetings, are well remembered by many." That is a true record.

She leaves five children, one of them being a minister of the Gospel—Rev. J. H. Snow, of the Iowa Conference. She was a beloved member of the class of which the writer of this notice is leader, and is remembered by leader and members (as well as by the pastors of later years) as one who was always present when she was able, and whose beautiful and joyful testimonies were an inspiration and a benediction. Her character and spirit, now that she is gone, constitute a legacy to the church, the family, and the world, of far greater value than any earthly treasure.

JAMES THURSTON.

Dover, N. H.

Clarke.—Mrs. Dorinda Scammell Clarke died in Chicopee, Mass., Nov. 5, 1888, aged 77 years and 4 months.

She was born in Milford, Mass., June 11, 1811, and was buried in the same town. Her name before marriage was Dorinda Scammell. In 1833 she was married to Mr. John A. Clarke, who died in June, 1858. Sister Clarke was converted in early life, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was for a long life a most devoted and exemplary member. Her duties were performed with unwavering fidelity, patience and affection. Amidst all changes and trials her love of Christ and zeal in His cause were manifest. Though living far from her home, she was never far from her home, and she was ever ready to aid in their education and preparation for usefulness in life. It was the special joy of her life that one of her sons—Rev. George H. Clarke, in whose home and affectionate care she peacefully and for a long life was an honored and useful member of the church, and to whom she was devotedly attached. She was a true and good woman. She lived and died in the Lord, and her children rise up and call her blessed.

L. CROWELL.

Williston.—Alanson Williston died in New Bedford, Mass., October 28, 1888, aged 85 years, 7 months, and 7 days.

He was born in Tiverton, R. I., but at the age of fifteen came to New Bedford, and made this his residence for the remainder of his life. He was converted under the labors of Rev. Daniel Webb, and by him received into the faith. He took up the burden of care which was borne so patiently by her predecessor.

Of the three children of our brother, two are dead, one of whom was to have been married to Rev. N. G. Cheney of the New York East Conference in a few months; and we may say, it was through the influence of Brother High that this prospective son-in-law entered the Christian ministry. His only surviving daughter married, and cared for her suffering father until his second marriage. Our departed brother suffered greatly for years, but bore all with Christian patience and fortitude, and peacefully passed to his rest and reward.

MARK TRAXTON.

Webb.—Josiah Webb was born in Skowhegan, Me., Sept. 19, 1811, and died in Milton, Mass., Oct. 11, 1888.

Brother Webb was converted when about eighteen years old, and united with the Baptist Church in the place where he lived. On coming to Dorchester he attended the Methodist church, where he heard preached for the first time the "doctrine of free grace." So deep was the impression made by this teaching, that he determined to identify himself at once with the then struggling society. This determination led to the happiest result both to the church and to himself as well. Called to nearly every official position to which he was eligible, he faithfully served the church of his choice. For over sixteen years he acted as president of the board of trustees, and to his wise and generous planning, more perhaps than to any other single member of the church, the society is indebted for its present large and beautiful edifice.

Modest and retiring in his spirit, seeking at no time pre-eminence among his brethren, but accepting with true appreciation any honor that was conferred upon him; firm and decided in his convictions of what was right and bold in expressing them; considerate always of the welfare of others, particularly of the



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this land, is the one great

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a fair trial—you don't

have to be over-bright to see

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drudgery out of washing and cleaning—does this work

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harmless. Every grocer sells PEARLINE. Beware of the

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and peddling—they're dangerous. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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Nothing on earth will make hair like it. It is

concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any

other kind. Given in the food once daily. Cures all

diseases of the scalp, and restores the hair to its



OUR NEW CHURCH IN WALTHAM.

BY REV. T. CORWIN WATKINS.

It can be a matter of no small interest to the readers of the HERALD that within a year there has been built, in the vicinity of Boston, another beautiful church, with a possible seating capacity for 800 people. For a number of years there was a great deal said, in the religious circles of Waltham, about the necessity of a church building on the South Side, as many living in that section found it a long walk to the churches at the center, and many declined to send their children across the bridge and railroad to Sunday-school, especially in winter. The rapid increase in population, also, in this part of the city, within the last two or three years, has made the demand for a church more imperative than ever.

The official members of the old church, believing that a good way to begin the second half of the first century of their history would be to build a new church, began to prepare for this laudable undertaking by paying off an old mortgage of twenty-five years' standing on their own church. This debt amounted to \$2,000, but under the faithful and energetic leadership of the pastor, Rev. J. M. Avann, this obstacle was soon wiped out of existence. Then a lot, generous in size and beautiful for situation, was secured on the corner of two prominent streets in the new neighborhood.

It was the purpose, at first, to build a chapel costing three or four thousand dollars; but it was soon discovered that there was a genuine demand for a complete and commodious church. Accordingly a competent architect was employed, who submitted plans for a church, the exterior of which may be seen in the accompanying cut. The building is a modified expression of the Queen Anne style. The extreme dimensions of the main part of the structure are 56x84 feet. The height of the walls is 14 feet, and height of the roof 36 feet. The auditorium is 35x48 feet in the clear, with transepts 8x38 feet. It will seat, including the balcony and choir seats, 550. The lecture-room, in the rear of the auditorium, is 25x38 feet, and the parlor over the lecture-room 20x39 feet. There are two classrooms, separated from the lecture-room by sliding doors. When the lecture-room and the parlor are thrown into the auditorium, there is a seating capacity for 800 adults. In the basement there is a kitchen, and a dining-room sufficient to accommodate 150. Any part of the building may be entered directly from vestibules facing on each of the two streets.

The audience-room is seated with circular oak pews. The pulpit and altar furniture are of antique oak, as are also the singers' seats in the rear of the pulpit; they were purchased by the Willing Workers. The room is lighted by two large windows, one on either side, and a group of small windows back of the pulpit. These last are in memory of Mrs. Rufus Stickney, Mrs. N. L. Grant, and Mrs. Oliver Bolton. The one for Mrs. Stickney was put in by Post 29, G. A. R., and the others by relatives.

A large window in front of the building next to Moody Street lights both the lecture-room and the parlor. All the sections of this window were paid for by money given and collected by the children of the Sunday-school. The wood-work is left in its natural color, and the walls and ceiling are frescoed in warm, cheerful tints. The proper heating of the building is insured by three Hartford furnaces. In the evening it is beautifully lighted with gas by Wheeler reflectors. Under the pulpit is a baptistry, and in the tower a room for the library. The whole building, except the basement, is richly carpeted, and all the rooms are suitably furnished.

The entire cost of this thoroughly constructed and beautiful edifice, including the excavating and grading, was only \$8,500. The land cost \$4,200, and the furniture \$1,900. The furniture was largely paid for by the Ladies' Aid Society, aided by \$150 raised by the Willing Workers, and \$200 received from the sale of the Ladies' Hand Book. If there had been twenty years' taxes on the land, \$75, interest on borrowed money, \$40, and some incidental expenses, \$35, the total cost is \$14,800. This expense had all been provided for previous to the formal opening of the church except \$3,440. On the opening day \$1,223 was secured in subscriptions, leaving an unprovided-for indebtedness of \$2,217.

The architect was William M. Butterfield, of Manchester, N. H. That so good a church has been built for so little money, is chiefly due to the structural economy of his plans, whereby the cost of the building was kept within reasonable limits without sacrificing stability, beauty, or convenience. The building committee consisted of D. W. Farnum, W. A. Northup, G. A. Howe, and J. L. Parker. They have given a great deal of time and earnest effort to the enterprise. Expenditures have been made with unusual care, and great prices are due them for the results.

While due credit should be given to all who have so faithfully labored and sacrificed for the success of this enterprise, yet all who are familiar with the facts will agree that the originator, the inspirer and the impelling force at every step of this movement, has been Rev. J. M. Avann, pastor of the Waltham Church. No one, except those who have tried it, can know the immense amount of work which is placed upon a pastor who undertakes to carry forward the work of his own church and at the same time build a new one in a new neighborhood. Bro. Avann has proved himself equal to both. Within two years he has increased the membership in his own Sunday-school fifty per cent. and the membership in the church twenty per cent. He has not only been a leader in work, but he has joined with others in making sacrifices, giving toward the old debt and toward the new church \$400.

having been given last week, it is unnecessary to repeat it here. With twenty ministers, including nearly all of the former pastors, present in the afternoon, with Bishop Foster to lead on the host with an inspiring sermon, and with Dr. L. B. Bates, surrounded by all the pastors of Waltham, to sway the great congregation in the evening, the day could not be otherwise than successful.

About four columns of church news are in type, but are crowded over to our next issue.

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, January 1.

—The Shah of Persia will visit the East in the spring.
—Lyon contributes \$1,200 for the Maribou head sufferers.
—The construction of a Meigs elevated road has been authorized in Chicago.
—Tufts College will receive about \$100,000 from the estate of Sylvester Bowman.
—In Hayti, Gen. Legitime said to have been defeated, with the loss of 1,300 men.
—Mayor O'Brien yesterday sent five veto messages to the board of aldermen of this city.
—There arrived at Castle Garden, New York, during the past year, 383,595 immigrants.

—A Greek arrives at Suakin from Khartoum, and says that nothing had been heard there of the capture of Emin Bey, and that the Mahdi had been twice defeated.
—The attorney general of Pennsylvania has taken action against the Western Union and Baltimore & Ohio telegraph companies for alleged violation of State laws.
—Edward Harrington, of the *Kerry Sentinel*, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor, for publishing reports in his paper concerning a suppressed branch of the National League.

Wednesday, January 2.

—Numerous arrests of Socialists have been made in Berlin.
—Death of Dr. Nathan Allen, a prominent physician of Lowell.
—The dedication of the elegant Review Club house occurred in Chelsea.
—President and Mrs. Cleveland held an interesting New Year's reception.
—A Cleveland (O.) lawyer returns from London with \$160,000 of the money stolen by Axworthy.

—The accounts of ex-clerk Houghton, of the municipal court, show a shortage thus far of over \$80,000.
—Observations of the sun's eclipse were successfully taken in California, the North-west and other places.
—Harry G. Stickney, of Chelsea, is missing; friends to a large amount in the accounts of the Chelsea Sail Works, of which he was book-keeper, are charged against him.

Thursday, January 3.

—Mr. Bright continues to improve.
—Affairs in Zanzibar are daily becoming worse.
—A reception was given to Mr. Gladstone at the municipal palace at Naples.
—The public debt was reduced in December to the amount of \$14,427,595.08.
—The National Board of Trade petitions against the further coinage of silver dollars.
—Anthony Comstock was assaulted and severely beaten while "raiding" a gambling den.
—A silk syndicate has been formed by some of the richest firms of London and Lyons.

—Electric street cars are running regularly for the first time from Brighton to Park Square in this city.
—Two hundred and fifty flour mills in the fall wheat belt will either close down or run on half time during January.

—The Massachusetts Legislature met, both branches, and organized, the Senate by electing Senator Hartwell president, H. D. Coolidge clerk, and Rev. Mr. Dowse chaplain; the House, by electing Mr. W. E. Barrett speaker, and E. A. McLaughlin, clerk; Sergeant-at-arms Adams was unanimously re-elected by both branches.

—In the U. S. Senate, memorials and resolutions were presented protesting against the admission of Utah as a State; to prohibit distilleries on account of sex; concerning the seal fisheries of Behring Sea; in favor of woman suffrage in the territories. The tariff bill was discussed. A message from the President was received on the Chinese treaty. In the House, there was a stormy debate on the River and Harbor bill in committee of the whole. A bill was introduced providing for the admission of Arizona and Idaho as States. Two important amendments to pension laws were passed.

Friday, January 4.

—King Milan of Servia has granted a general amnesty.
—Costa Rica has been visited by a series of earthquake shocks.
—Yellow fever breaks out on the U. S. S. "Yantic" at Hayti.
—Dr. Carl Peters will command the Emin Pasha relief expedition.
—Fourteen persons perished by the blocking of a train in Russia by a snow-drift.
—Gov. Ames was inaugurated; Lieut. Gov. Brackett and the councilors were qualified; Chaplain Waldron was re-elected.
—The Chicago, Quincy & Burlington strike is practically settled. The striking engineers will be placed on an equal footing with others.
—In the U. S. Senate the tariff bill was discussed and sundry amendments rejected.

In the House the entire day was consumed in filibustering.
—An Egyptian sergeant who left Khartoum on November 23 has arrived at Suakin; he says that Emin Pasha, instead of being a captive, had repeatedly defeated the dervishes in the Bahr el Ghazal Province.

Saturday, January 5.

—A famine and drought reported from the interior of China.
—A wholesale removal of appraisers at the New York office ordered.
—The Union League Club of New York dines John Wanamaker.
—Suicide of Rev. Fielder Israel, of Salem; cause, mental depression.
—A hearing of the Andover case at Springfield before ex-Gov. Robinson begun.
—Collapse of the Electric Sugar Refinery Company, and exposure of its fraudulent methods.
—The Supreme Court decides that Salvation Army musicians cannot play upon the streets without a license.
—The Boston Chamber of Commerce asks Congress to appropriate \$20,000 for the Boston branch of the Hydrographic Office.
—In the U. S. Senate, the tariff debate was continued. Mr. Edmunds' joint resolution on the Panama Canal bill was reported favorably. In the House the Nicaragua Canal bill was passed, with amendments.

Sunday, January 6.

—Harry G. Stickney, the absconding clerk, was arrested at Denver, Col.
—A bloody encounter has taken place in Samoa between the natives and the Germans.
—The German government has dropped the Gelfingen prosecution, being unable to prove anything.
—Col. J. T. North, "the Nitrate king," gave a ball in London to 1,400 guests, at a cost of \$40,000.
—The steamer "Paris C. Brown," from New Orleans for Cincinnati, was sunk. Several lives were lost.
—There are prospects of a new Panama Canal Company, which will buy out the old company, and retain De Lesseps at its head.
—A collision between the British steamship "Montana" and the Lloyd steamer "Main" in Chesapeake Bay resulted in the sinking of the former.

—In the U. S. Senate on Saturday, a lively discussion was held on the inter-oceanic canal resolution, and the matter was postponed till to-day. Several amendments to the tariff bill were rejected. Business in the House was retarded by the deadlock on the resolution to change the rules.

THE CONFERENCES.
(Continued from Page 1.)

the regular choir. The Young People's League held a Whittier meeting recently, which was very enjoyable. An excellent programme on "Ten Days in Switzerland" had been arranged.

Norwich, Sachem St.—Rev. J. M. Taber has quickly won his way in this conservative parish. Congregations have increased. The social meetings are full of interest, and some conversions have resulted. The benevolent collections have greatly increased; the missionary collection is two and one-half times that of last year, namely, \$75. His wife is of great assistance through her musical and social gifts.

KARL.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.
Springfield District.

Brothers in the ministry will be interested to learn that G. F. Buckley, a former member of this Conference, recently died at the home of his brother in Central New York.

Christmas was quite generally observed throughout the district, and at some points with much enthusiasm. The execution of a very excellent programme by the Sunday-school and other workers is reported from several points, viz., Bradford, where Mrs. E. A. Barrett is the efficient Sunday-school superintendent; Wardsboro, where the pastor's wife, Mrs. C. H. Walter, is the experienced leader; Wilmington, where Dr. Johnson with ability commands the forces; South Royalton, where Mr. Geo. Ward gracefully directs the movements; South Londonderry, where Mr. F. A. Pierce in his early and bright manhood keeps all in abundant good nature by his skillful management; East Bethel, where Pastor Gillette and his competent Sunday-school aid-de-camp keep the workers busy in performing good deeds; Brownsville, where Supt. Cady and a devoted company of tollers are all happy in each other's esteem and hearty co-operation; Hartland, where a practical carpenter demonstrates his ability to utilize all materials to the strengthening and beautifying of the Sunday-school temple; Bellows Falls, where Representative Ball presides with a quiet dignity not easily excelled; Springfield, where W. H. Cobb, wise in the experience which several years' consecutive superintendence have afforded him, holds the reins of government with a gentle hand, and not less loving heart. At all of these gatherings numerous presents were distributed, of which the several pastors and their families received their full share. Some of the gifts received by the pastors and their wives were quite handsome, both as to their character and cost. But as we dare not take the space to specify all, we omit special mention of any, lest the naming of some and not of others might be thought injudicious.

Most happy is the writer to chronicle that the revival flame begins to blaze on the district. Not much has been done at present in continuous revival services, yet at several points a few persons have been converted, and

the spiritual life of the church more or less quickened. At Bellows Falls a work of this sort is going forward. A bright young man testified in the week day evening prayer meeting that he had "commenced the year by giving his heart to God." At South Londonderry a good interest prevails, and some are confessing that they desire to become Christians. But at Bradford, where the evangelist, Rev. E. A. Whittier, of South Lawrence, has been assisting the pastors of the Methodist and Congregational churches in union services, the conversions having run up into the scores, including many heads of families. The pastors have been strongly united, and the churches thoroughly harmonious in two weeks of earnest work under the direction of Mr. Whittier, to whom the pastors accord great praise, as "a wise, tireless, tender-hearted, noble and unswerving worker." The work still goes forward under the joint labors of the pastors, Revs. Hough and Lees.

A missionary convention is to be held at Springfield, Jan. 17, Chaplain McCah being present. The pastors and brethren of adjoining churches will want to hear him. Let all come who can and catch his burning enthusiasm for the conversion of this world to Christ our King.

Montpelier District.

Along with other churches, Montpelier should be remembered as having a thought for pastor and family at Christmas. A sleigh-ride and fountain pen from the pastor's Sunday-school class, valuable articles of apparel for all the family, and \$50 in cash, were among the many gifts plucked from the Christmas tree. The church there has a good and growing religious interest. There have been some very valuable additions by letter of late. The pastor and a company from the congregation made a trip to the town poor farm on the eve of Dec. 29, bearing tokens of remembrance from various fruit-dealers and grocery-men of the town, as well as articles for the bodily comfort of the inmates from several ladies of the parish. A pleasant evening was spent, closing with singing and prayer. Pastor Sherburne's exchange with Bro. Spencer, Jan. 6, is that he may, at the request of Principal Conant, preach before the graduating class at the State Normal School. By request of the pastor, Bro. Sherburne takes the missionary collection at Randolph Centre in the morning, and at West Randolph Centre in the evening. This exchange will be especially pleasant from the fact that both brethren preach to their old parishioners.

The first service in the vestry of the new union church was held Monday, Dec. 31. The first part of the evening was devoted to raising money to complete the edifice. Presiding Elder Truax and Rev. Mr. Henderson, a Free Baptist from St. Johnsbury, were the speakers. The presiding elder won the encomium of being the "champion beggar." Enough was pledged so that the committee will go on and complete the church. Following this came a "watch-night" service, at which powerful sermons were preached by the brethren above named. The outlook is hopeful, and the pastor, Bro. H. F. Reynolds, is full of praise to God.

A mission Sabbath-school has been started at Fairleeville by A. J. Eaton and S. F. Ramsdell, two young men from the Seminary. The students of that school have almost always done some such work, and many pupils have been acceptably supplied by the boys while they were fitting for college.

An oyster supper was advertised to be held at East Elmore, Jan. 9, for the benefit of the pastor, Rev. D. P. Bragg.

The hard-working pastor at West Topsham, Bro. H. F. Reynolds, was recently given a donation by his parishioners. The proceeds amounted to \$45.

RET LAW.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.
Clarendon District.

Rev. Dana Cotton received a purse of money from his friends at Alexandria at the Christmas entertainment.
Interesting Christmas services were held at Clarendon. The Sunday-school there is in a flourishing condition, as will be seen by a part of Superintendent Houghton's report. Whole number of members, 301; over fifteen years, 196; under fifteen years, 105; church members, 140; families represented, 184; increase over last year, 41; largest attendance during year, 171; smallest attendance, 31; average attendance, 120-1-2; total receipts, \$133.86. Three members of the school have not been absent during the year. A volume of poems or presented to each as a memento of their faithfulness. Dr. F. Houghton, superintendent of the school, was presented with a handsome copy of the Oxford Teachers' Bible. Rev. J. Z. Armstrong, of Nashua, recently preached an able sermon on "Liberal Christianity." Dr. Armstrong has fully recovered his health, and extra meetings are being held with some conversions.

Concord District.

Dr. Knowles, of Tilton, a few evenings ago, lectured before the students of the Seminary on "The Beautiful Woman." His sister, who has been in India for some years, is to lecture soon on the country and people where she has labored.

Rev. James Thurston has been elected chaplain of the Constitutional Convention that convened on the New Year in Concord. An excellent choice!
Ellsworth, entered by us last August, has been blessed of God, over thirty souls having professed conversion since. The presiding elder visited the field, Wednesday, Jan. 2, preached to over one hundred people, had an excellent social service, and organized a class of 32 members. Two more souls confessed their desire for salvation that evening.

CHARIOT RACE FROM BEN-HUR.—A realistic representation, beautifully engraved upon a handsome 1889 calendar, by John A. Lowell & Co., Boston, can be procured by sending six cents in stamps to P. S. Everts, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. E. O. Thompson, the well-known importing clothing and tailor of New York and Philadelphia, who recently opened a branch store in our city at 344 Washington Street, sailed from New York on last Saturday per steamer "Ems." He is bound for London, where he will make his selections for next spring and summer's business.

Our readers will do well to look at the advertisement of the Boston Investment Co., in another column. It offers six and one-half per cent. interest, per annum, payable quarterly, upon security that cannot be questioned.

The record of Western mortgages for the past twenty years is unapproached by that of any other form of investment, on a large scale, rate of interest and security both considered. No company in the business of loaning money West stands higher than the Kansas Investment Co., of Topeka, whose Eastern office is at 101 Devonshire Street. Read their announcement in another column.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and strength for household use. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in tin cans, ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

CLEARANCE SALE
OF
Fine Dinner Sets.

As is our custom, we shall close out at REDUCED PRICES many DINNER SETS, that we have but few left of, prior to our annual stock taking, and while this closing out sale continues the values on these sets are not above the absolute cost at the wharf. These sets are guaranteed to be Minton, Haviland, Copeland and Wedgwood best ware, and are genuine bargain for families who appreciate reliable decorations.

Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia.

Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia is a whole library of universal knowledge from the pens of the ablest scholars in America and Europe. It is accepted as high authority in our leading colleges. It is not for the few, like Appleton's Britannica or the "International," but for all. It has just been thoroughly revised at a cost of over \$60,000 and three years' labor by forty Editors, and over 2,000 renowned contributors. It is in eight convenient sized volumes. No father can give to his child at school or his son or daughter just entering the arena of life anything that will be of more permanent benefit. It is an education supplementary to that of the schools.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases, and Scrophulous Humors. Persons who have been afflicted with these troubles, and who have failed to find relief from other remedies, will find this Compound a most valuable remedy. It is a pure oil and lime in such a manner as to be pleasant to the taste, and it is a most effective remedy for all the troubles mentioned. Very many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless, and who had taken the most expensive medicines, have been entirely cured by using this preparation. It is a pure oil and lime in such a manner as to be pleasant to the taste, and it is a most effective remedy for all the troubles mentioned. Very many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless, and who had taken the most expensive medicines, have been entirely cured by using this preparation.

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